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SHAKESPEARE
G. Vander Gucht Sc.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES.

Collated with the Oldeſt Copies, and Corrected;
With NOTES, Explanatory, and Critical:

By Mr. *THEOBALD.*

Printed *Verbatim* from the Octavo EDITION.

I, Decus, i, noſtrum: melioribus utere Fatis. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for C. Bathurſt, J. Beecroft, W. Strahan, J. *and* F. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, Hawes, Clarke, *and* Collins, R. Horſfield, W. Johnſton, W. Owen, T. Caſlon, E. Johnſon, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. *and* C. Dilly, C. Corbett, W. Griffin, T. Cadell, W. Woodfall, G. Keith, T. Lowndes, T. Davies, J. Robſon, T. Becket, F. Newbery, G. Robinſon, T. Payne, J. Williams, M. Hingeſton, *and* J. Ridley.

MDCCLXXIII.

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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FIRST.

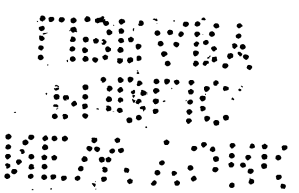
CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.
The MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
The TWO GENTLEMEN of VERONA.
The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.
MEASURE for MEASURE.

LONDON:

Printed *for* C. Bathurſt, J. Beecroft, W. Strahan, J. *and* F. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, Hawes, Clarke, *and* Collins, R. Horsfield, W. Johnſton, W. Owen, T. Caſlon, E. Johnſon. S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. *and* C. Dilly, C. Corbett, W. Griffin, T. Cadell, W. Woodfall, G. Keith, T. Lowndes, T. Davies, J. Robſon, T. Beckett, F. Newbery, G. Robinſon, T. Payne, *J. Williams*, M. Hingeſton, *and* J. Ridley.

MDCCLXXIII.



TO

Her ROYAL HIGHNESS, the

PRINCESS of WALES.

MADAM,

AS I am conſcious, that no compoſition of my own could be worthy to be laid at your Royal Highneſs's feet; it is my happineſs, as an Editor, to have this opportunity of approaching you, by ſubmitting to your protection the beſt Dramatic Poet that theſe kingdoms could ever boaſt of. He enjoy'd, whilſt living, the favour of the greateſt

Queen that has ſat on the *Engliſh* throne; and therefore, I hope, is entitled to your Royal Highneſs's ſmiles over his urn.

Could I picture out his character equal to its merits, the world would ſoon diſcover a ſort of parallel betwixt the Poet and his Patroneſs. His excellencies were as great, as they were various; his beauties ſtrong, and all native; the frame of his mind as ſweet and candid, as his countenance was open and engaging; and his ſentiments as chaſte, as his conceptions were noble: He knew how to charm without affectation; and had the wondrous force of preſerving all hearts, that once felt the influence of his attractions.

After what I have ſaid, MADAM, I am afraid the duty of this addreſs ſhould be miſconſtrued a panegyrick on your Royal Highneſs. But I have profeſs'd myſelf unequal to the taſk of drawing his portraiture, and my humble ſphere in life

life ſets me at too great a diſtance to take even the outlines of your perfections. I would not therefore, where I cannot preſume to do juſtice, be thought to deſcend to the unbecoming art of flattery. I muſt launch out, indeed, a great way, to make myſelf liable to that imputation, with regard to your Royal Highneſs; but Dedications are generally ſuſpected of overſtraining.

How far ſoever, MADAM, my vanity or my ambition might miſlead me into that tract, I'll oblige myſelf to govern both by duty; and turn all attempts of praiſe and compliment into veneration and pious wiſhes. That YOU may long continue to bleſs the eyes and arms of the PRINCE, your Illuſtrious Conſort; and that you may continue to bleſs the nation with a numerous ſucceſſion of Princes, to the future glory and ſecurity of our eſtabliſhment, is my ardent

prayer; and in that I will center the only merit, by which I would pretend to profeſs myſelf,

MADAM,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt dutiful and moſt obedient,

humble ſervant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

An

† An EPITAPH on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my *Shakespeare* for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age, in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starr-y-pointing pyramid?
Deare sonne of memory, great heire of Fame,
What needst thou such dull witnesse of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a live-long monument:
For whil'st to th' shame of slow-endevouring art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued booke,
Those Delphicke lines, such deep impression tooke;
Then thou, our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving:
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pompe dost lie,
That kings for such a tombe would wish to die.

J. MILTON.

† This Epitaph was written in 1630, when *Milton* was in his two and twentieth year; for he was born in 1608.

In Remembrance of Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ODE.

BEware (delighted Poets!) when you sing
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of *Avon*; for each flower
(As it ne'er knew a sun, or shower,)
Hangs, there, the pensive head.

II.

Each *tree, whose thick* and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs, than shade,

(Unwilling now to grow,)
Looks like the plume a captain wears,
Whoſe rifled falls are ſteept i'th' tears
Which from his laſt rage flow.

III.

The piteous river wept itſelf away,
Long ſince (alas!) to ſuch a ſwift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can ſpy:
And, for a river, your mock'd eye
Will find a ſhallow brooke.

W. DAVEN

On the Effigies of SHAKESPEA prefixed to his printed Works.

THIS figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle *Shakeſpeare* cut;
Wherein the graver had a ſtrife
With nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then ſurpaſſe
All, that was ever writ in braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Au Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE And what he hath left us.

TO draw no envy (*Shakeſpeare*) on thy *name*
Am I thus ample to thy *book*, and *fame*:
While I confeſs thy *writings* to be ſuch,
As neither *man*, nor *muſe*, can praiſe too much.

'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy *praiſe*:
For ſeelieſt *ignorance* on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but *echoes* right;
Or blind *affection*, which doth ne'er advance
The *truth*, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty *malice* might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praiſe a *matron*. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them, and, indeed,
Above th' ill *fortune* of them, or the *need*.
I therefore will begin—*Soul* of the age!
Th' applauſe! delight! the wonder of our *ſtage!*
My *Shakeſpeare*, riſe! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenſer*, or bid *Beaumont* lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a *monument* without a *tomb*.
And art alive ſtill, while thy *book* doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd *muſes*:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee, ſurely, with thy *peers*:
And tell how far thou didſt our *Lilly* out-ſhine,
Or ſporting *Kid*, or *Marlow*'s mighty line.
And though thou hadſt ſmall *Latin* and leſs *Greek*,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring *Æſchylus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Pacuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,
To live again, to hear thy *Buſkin* tread,
And ſhake a *ſtage*: Or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my *Britain!* thou haſt one to ſhow,
To whom all *ſcenes* of *Europe* homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the muſes ſtill were in their prime,

When, like *Apollo*, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a *Mercury* to charm.
Nature herſelf was proud of his *deſigns*,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his *lines*:
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and wove ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other *wit*.
The merry *Greek*, tart *Ariſtophanes*,
Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated, and deſerted lie,
As they were not of *nature*'s family.
Yet muſt I not give *nature* all: Thy *art*,
My gentle *Shakeſpeare*, muſt enjoy a part.
For though the *Poet*'s matter *nature* be,
His *art* doth give the *faſhion*: And, that he,
Who caſts to write a living *line*, muſt ſweat
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond *heat*
Upon the *muſes* anvile; turn the ſame,
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel he may gain a ſcorn:
For a good *Poet's made*, as well as *born*.
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue, even ſo the race
Of *Shakeſpeare*'s mind and manners brightly ſhines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of *ignorance*.
Sweet *Swan* of *Avon!* what a ſight it were
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the banks of *Thames*,
That ſo did take *Eliza* and our *James!*
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the *hemiſphere*
Advanc'd, and made a *conſtellation* there!
Shine forth, thou *ſtarre* of *Poets!* and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or chear, the drooping *ſtage*:
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy *volume*'s light.

BEN JONN

THE

PREFACE.

THE attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a ſpacious, and a ſplendid dome, through the conveyance of a narrow and obſcure entry. A glare of light ſuddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue at firſt promiſed: and a thouſand beauties of genius and character, like ſo many gaudy apartments pouring at once upon the eye, diffuſe and throw themſelves out to the mind. The proſpect is too wide to come within the compaſs of a ſingle view: 'tis a gay confuſion of pleaſing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration; and they muſt be ſeparated, and eyed diſtinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

And as in great piles of building, ſome parts are often finiſhed up to hit the taſte of the *connoiſſeur*; others more negligently put together, to

ſtrike

ſtrike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder: Some parts are made ſtupendouſly magnificent and grand, to ſurprize with the vaſt deſign and execution of the architect; others are contracted, to amuſe you with his neatneſs and elegance in little. So, in *Shakeſpeare*, we may find *Traits* that will ſtand the teſt of the ſevereſt judgment; and ſtrokes as careleſsly hit off, to the level of the more ordinary capacities: Some deſcriptions raiſed to that pitch of grandeur, as to aſtoniſh you with the compaſs and elevation of his thought: and others copying nature within ſo narrow, ſo confined a circle, as if the author's talent lay only at drawing in miniature.

In how many points of light muſt we be obliged to gaze at this great poet! In how many branches of excellence to conſider, and admire him! Whether we view him on the ſide of art or nature, he ought equally to engage our attention: Whether we reſpect the force and greatneſs of his genius, the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power and addreſs with which he throws out and applies either nature, or learning, there is ample ſcope both for our wonder and pleaſure. If his diction, and the cloathing of his thoughts attract us, how much more muſt we be charmed with the richneſs, and variety of his images and ideas! If his images and ideas ſteal into our Souls, and ſtrike upon our fancy, how much are they improved in price, when we come

to reflect with what propriety and juſtneſs they are applied to character! If we look into his characters, and how they are furniſhed and proportioned to the employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the maſtery of his portraits! What draughts of nature! What variety of originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dreſſed from the ſtores of his own luxurious imagination; without being the apes of mode, or borrowing from any foreign wardrobe! Each of them are the ſtandards of faſhion for themſelves: like gentlemen that are above the direction of their tailors, and can adorn themſelves without the aid of imitation. If other poets draw more than one fool or coxcomb, there is the ſame reſemblance in them, as in that painter's draughts, who was happy only at forming a roſe: you find them all younger brothers of the ſame family, and all of them have a pretence to give the ſame creſt: But *Shakeſpeare's* clowns and fops come all of a different houſe: they are no farther allied to one another than as man to man, members of the ſame ſpecies: but as different in features and lineaments of character, as we are from one another in face, or complexion. But I am unawares launching into his character as a writer, before I have ſaid what I intended of him as a private member of the republick.

Mr. *Rowe* has very juſtly obſerved, that people are fond of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory

of

of the great men of antiquity: and that the common accidents of their lives naturally become the ſubject of our critical enquiries: That however trifling ſuch a curioſity at the firſt view may appear, yet, as for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may, perhaps, ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his works: And, indeed, this author's works, from the bad treatment he has met with from his editors, have ſo long wanted a comment, that one would zealouſly embrace every method of information, that could contribute to recover them from the injuries with which they have ſo long lain o'erwhelmed.

'Tis certain, that if we have firſt admired the man in his writings, his caſe is ſo circumſtanced, that we muſt naturally admire the writings in the man: That if we go back to take a view of his education, and the employment in life which fortune had cut out for him, we ſhall retain the ſtronger ideas of his extenſive genius.

His father, we are told, was a conſiderable dealer in wool; but having no fewer than ten children, of whom our *Shakeſpeare* was the eldeſt the beſt education he could afford him was better than to qualify him for his own buſin and employment. I cannot affirm with any tainty how long his father lived; but I take to be the ſame Mr. *John Shakeſpeare*, who living in the year 1599, and who then, b

nour of his ſon, took out an extract of his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and bailiff of *Stratford*, and that he enjoyed ſome hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved ſervice to King *Henry* VII.

Be this as it will, our *Shakeſpeare*, it ſeems, was bred for ſome time at a free-ſchool; the very free-ſchool, I preſume, founded at *Stratford*: where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but, that his father being obliged, through narrowneſs of circumſtances, to withdraw him too ſoon from thence, he was ſo unhappily prevented from making any proficiency in the dead languages: A point, that will deſerve ſome little diſcuſſion in the ſequel of this diſſertation.

How long he continued in his father's way of buſineſs, either as an aſſiſtant to him, or on his own proper account, no notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn preciſely at what period of life he quitted his native *Stratford*, and began his acquaintance with *London* and the STAGE.

In order to ſettle in the world after a family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. *Rowe* acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did ſo: for by the monument, in *Stratford* church, erected to the memory of his daugh-

ter *Suſanna*, the wife of *John Hall*, gentleman, it appears that ſhe died on the 2d day of *July*, in the year 1649, aged 66. So that ſhe was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old; who was himſelf born in the year 1564. Nor was ſhe his eldeſt child, for he had another daughter, *Judith*, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*. So that *Shakeſpeare* muſt have entered into wedlock by that time he was turned of ſeventeen years.

Whether the force of inclination merely, or ſome concurring circumſtances of convenience in the match, prompted him to marry ſo early, is not eaſy to be determined at this diſtance: but it is probable, a view of intereſt might partly ſway his conduct in this point: for he married the daughter of one *Hathaway*, a ſubſtantial yeoman in his neighbourhood, and ſhe had the ſtart of him in age no leſs than eight years. She ſurvived him, notwithſtanding, ſeven ſeaſons, and died that very year in which the Players publiſhed the firſt edition of his works in folio, Anno Dom. 1623, at the age of 67 years, as we likewiſe learn from her monument in *Stratford* church.

How long he continued in this kind of ſettlement, upon his own native ſpot, is not more eaſily to be determined. But if the tradition be true, of that extravagance which forced him both to quit his country and way of living; to wit, his being engaged, with a knot of young deer-

ſtealers,

ſtealers, to rob the park of Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Charlecot* near *Stratford:* the enterprize favours ſo much of youth and levity, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it was before he could write full man. Beſides, conſidering he has left us ſix and thirty plays, which are avowed to be genuine; (to throw out of the queſtion thoſe ſeven, in which his title is diſputed; though I can, beyond all controverſy prove ſome touches in every one of them to come from his pen:) and conſidering too, that he had retired from the ſtage, to ſpend the latter part of his days at his own native *Stratford*; the interval of time, neceſſarily required for the finiſhing ſo many dramatic pieces, obliges us to ſuppoſe he threw himſelf very early upon the play-houſe. And as he could, probably, contract no acquaintance with the drama, while he was driving on the affair of wool at home; ſome time muſt be loſt, even after he had commenced Player, before he could attain knowledge enough in the ſcience to qualify himſelf for turning Author.

It has been obſerved by Mr. *Rowe*, that, amongſt other Extravagancies which our Author has given to his Sir *John Falſtaff*, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, he has made him a deer-ſtealer; and that he might at the ſame time remember his *Warwickſhire* proſecutor, under the name of *Juſtice Shallow*, he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms, which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that country, deſcribes for a family there. There

are two coats, I obſerve, in *Dugdale*, where three ſilver fiſhes are borne in the name of *Lucy*; and another coat, to the monument of *Thomas Lucy*, ſon of Sir *William Lucy*, in which are quartered in four ſeveral diviſions, twelve little fiſhes, three in each diviſion, probably *Luces*. This very coat, indeed, ſeems alluded to in *Shallow*'s giving the dozen white *Luces*, and in *Slender* ſaying, He may quarter. When I conſider the exceeding candour and good-nature of our author, (which inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him; as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him;) and that he ſhould throw this humorous piece of ſatire at his proſecutor, at leaſt twenty years after the provocation given; I am confidently perſuaded it muſt be owing to an unforgiving rancour on the proſecutor's ſide: and if this was the caſe, it were pity but the diſgrace of ſuch an inveteracy ſhould remain as a laſting reproach, and *Shallow* ſtand as a mark of ridicule to ſtigmatize his malice.

It is ſaid, our author ſpent ſome years before his death, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends, at his native *Stratford*. I could never pick up any certain intelligence, when he relinquiſhed the ſtage. I know, it has been miſtakenly thought by ſome, that *Spenſer*'s *Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muſes*, where ſhe laments the loſs of her *Willy* in the comic ſcene, has been applied to our author's quitting the ſtage.

But

But *Spenſer* himſelf, 'tis well known, quitted the ſtage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find *Shakeſpeare*'s name among the actors in *Ben Johnſon*'s *Sejanus*, which firſt made its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, ſurely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, ſince that very year, a licence under the privy-ſeal was granted by King *James* I. to him and *Fletcher*, *Burbage*, *Phillips*, *Hemings*, *Condel*, &c. authorizing them to exerciſe the art of playing Comedies, Tragedies, &c. as well at their uſual houſe called the *Globe* on the other ſide of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his majeſty's pleaſure: (a copy of which licence is preſerved in *Rymer*'s *Fœdera*.) Again, it is certain, that *Shakeſpeare* did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the union was brought about, and till after King *James* I. had begun to touch for the *evil*: for it is plain, he has inſerted compliments, on both thoſe accounts, upon his royal maſter in that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatic pieces be produced, admit of his retiring near ſo early as that period. So that what *Spenſer* there ſays, if it relate at all to *Shakeſpeare*, muſt hint at ſome occaſional receſs he made for a time upon a diſguſt taken: or the *Willy*, there mentioned, muſt relate to ſome other favourite Poet. I believe, we may ſafely determine that he had not quitted in the year 1610. For in his *Tempeſt*, our author makes mention of the *Bermuda* Iſlands,

which

which were unknown to the *Engliſh*, till in 1609, Sir *John Summers* made a voyage to *North-America*, and diſcovered them: and afterwards invited ſome of his countrymen to ſettle a plantation there. That he became the private gentleman, at leaſt three years before his deceaſe, is pretty obvious from another circumſtance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known Story, which Mr. *Rowe* has given us of our author's intimacy with Mr. *John Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: and upon whom *Shakeſpeare* made the following facetious epitaph.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd;
If any man aſk who lies in this tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my *John-a-Combe*.

This ſarcaſtical piece of wit was, at the gentleman's own requeſt, thrown out extemporally in his company. And this Mr. *John Combe* I take to be the ſame, who, by *Dugdale* in his antiquities of *Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have died in the year 1614, and for whom at the upper end of the quire, of the guild of the holy croſs at *Stratford*, a fair monument is erected, having a ſtatue thereon cut in alabaſter, and in a gown, with this Epitaph. "Here lyeth interred the body of "*John Combe*, Eſq; who died the 10th of *July*, "1614, who bequeathed ſeveral annual charities "to the pariſh of *Stratford*, and 100 *l.* to be lent "to fifteen poor tradeſmen from three years to

"three

"three years, changing the parties every third "year, at the rate of fifty ſhillings *per Annum*, "the increaſe to be diſtributed to the almes-"poor there."——The donation has all the air of a rich and ſagacious uſurer.

Shakeſpeare himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. *Combe* long, for he died in the year 1616, the 53d of his age. He lies buried on the north ſide of the chancel in the great church at *Stratford*; where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and placed againſt the wall. He is repreſented under an arch in a ſitting poſture, a cuſhion ſpread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left reſted on a ſcroul of paper. The Latin diſtich, which is placed under the cuſhion, has been given us by Mr. *Pope*, or his graver, in this manner.

IN GENIO Pylium, *Genio* Socratem, *Arte* Maronem,

Terra tegit, Populus mœret, Olympus habet.

I confeſs, I don't conceive the difference betwixt *ingenio* and *genio* in the firſt verſe. They ſeem to me intirely ſynonomous Terms; nor was the *Pylian* ſage *Neſtor* celebrated for his ingenuity, but for an experience and judgment owing to his long age. *Dugdale* in his antiquities of *Warwick-ſhire*, has copied this diſtich with a diſtinction, which Mr. *Rowe* has followed, and which certainly reſtores us the true meaning of the epitaph.

JUDICIO *Pylium*, Genio *Socratem*, &c.

In 1614, the greater part of the town of *Stratford* was conſumed by fire; but our *Shakeſpeare*'s houſe, among ſome others, eſcaped the flames. This Houſe was firſt built by Sir *Hugh Clopton*, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, who took their name from the manor of *Clopton*. Sir *Hugh* was ſheriff of *London* in the reign of *Richard* III. and Lord-mayor in the reign of King *Henry* VII. To this gentleman the town of *Stratford* is indebted for the fine ſtone-bridge, conſiſting of fourteen arches, which at an extraordinary expence he built over the *Avon*, together with a cauſe-way running at the weſt-end thereof; as alſo for rebuilding the chapel adjoining to his houſe, and the croſs iſle in the church there. It is remarkable of him, that, though he lived and died a bachelor, among the other extenſive charities which he left both to the city of *London* and town of *Stratford*, he bequeathed conſiderable legacies for the marriage of poor maidens of good name and fame both in *London* and at *Stratford*. Notwithſtanding which large donations in his life, and bequeſts at his death, as he had purchaſed the manner of *Clopton*, and all the eſtate of the family, ſo he left the ſame again to his elder brother's ſon with a very great addition: (a proof, how well beneficence and œconomy may walk hand in hand in wiſe

 families:)

families:) Good part of which eſtate is yet in the poſſeſſion of *Edward Clopton*, Eſq; and Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. lineally deſcended from the elder brother of the firſt Sir *Hugh:* Who particularly bequeathed to his nephew, by his will, his houſe, by the name of his Great-houſe in *Stratford*.

The eſtate had now been ſold out of the *Clopton* family for above a century, at the time when *Shakeſpeare* became the purchaſer: who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to New-place; which the manſion-houſe, ſince erected upon the ſame ſpot, at this day retains. The houſe and lands, which attended it, continued in *Shakeſpeare*'s deſcendants to the time of the Reſtoration: when they were repurchaſed by the *Clopton* family, and the manſion now belongs to Sir *Hugh Clopton*, Knt. To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular, in honour of our poet's once dwelling-houſe, of which, I preſume, Mr. ROWE never was apprized. When the civil war raged in *England*, and King *Charles* the Firſt's Queen was driven by the neceſſity of affairs to make a receſs in *Warwickſhire*, ſhe kept her Court for three Weeks in New-place. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe it then the beſt private houſe in the town; and her Majeſty preferred it to the College, which was in the poſſeſſion of the *Combe*-Family, who did not ſo ſtrongly favour the King's party.

How much our author employed himſelf in poetry, after his retirement from the ſtage, does not ſo evidently appear: Very few poſthumous ſketches of his pen have been recovered to aſcertain that point. We have been told, indeed, in print, but not till very lately, that two large cheſts full of this great man's looſe papers and manuſcrips, in the hands of an ignorant baker of *Warwick*, (who married one of the deſcendants from our *Shakeſpeare*) were careleſsly ſcattered and thrown about, as garret-lumber, and litter, to the particular knowledge of the late Sir *William Biſhop*, till they were all conſumed in the general fire and deſtruction of that Town. I cannot help being a little apt to diſtruſt the authority of this tradition; becauſe as his wife ſurvived him ſeven years, and as his favourite daughter *Suſanna* ſurvived her twenty-ſix years, 'tis very improbable, they ſhould ſuffer ſuch a treaſure to be removed, and tranſlated into a remoter branch of the family, without a ſcrutiny firſt made into the value of it. This, I ſay, inclines me to diſtruſt the authority of the relation: but, notwithſtanding ſuch an apparent improbability, if we really loſt ſuch a treaſure, by whatever fatality or caprice of fortune they came into ſuch ignorant and negligent hands, I agree with the Relater, the misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To theſe particulars, which regard his perſon and private life, ſome few more are to be gleaned from

from Mr. Rowe's account of his Life and Writings: Let us now take a ſhort view of him in his publick capacity, as a Writer: and, from thence, the tranſition will be eaſy to the State in which his Writings have been handed down to us.

No age, perhaps, can produce an author more various from himſelf, than *Shakeſpeare* has been univerſally acknowledged to be. The diverſity in ſtile, and other parts of compoſition, ſo obvious in him, is as variouſly to be accounted for. His education, we find, was at beſt but begun: and he ſtarted early into a ſcience from the force of genius, unequally aſſiſted by acquir'd improvements. His fire, ſpirit, and exuberance of imagination gave an impetuoſity to his pen: His ideas flowed from him in a ſtream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever overbearing its ſhores. The eaſe and ſweetneſs of his temper might not a little contribute to his facility in writing: as his employment, as a Player, gave him an advantage and habit of fancying himſelf the very character he meant to delineate. He uſed the helps of his function in forming himſelf to create and expreſs that Sublime, which other actors can only copy, and throw out, in action and graceful attitude. But *nullum ſine veniâ placuit ingenium*, ſays *Seneca*. The genius, that gives us the greateſt pleaſure, ſometimes ſtands in need of our indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to *Shakeſpeare*, I would willingly impute it to a vice of his times. We ſee complaiſance enough, in our own days,

paid to a bad taſte. His clinches, falſe wit, and deſcending beneath himſelf, ſeem to be a deference paid to reigning barbariſm. He was a *Sampſon* in ſtrength, but he ſuffer'd ſome ſuch *Dalilah* to give him up to the *Philiſtines*.

As I have mention'd the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, I am tempted to make a reflection or two on a ſentiment of his, which, I am perſuaded, came from the heart.

> The man, that hath no muſic in himſelf,
> Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
> Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils:
> The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as *Erebus:*
> Let no ſuch man be truſted.——

Shakeſpeare was all openneſs, candour, and complacence; and had ſuch a ſhare of harmony in his frame and temperature, that we have no reaſon to doubt from a number of fine paſſages, alluſions, ſimilies, *&c.* fetched from muſick, but that he was a paſſionate lover of it. And to this, perhaps, we may owe that great number of ſonnets, which are ſprinkled thro' his plays. I have found, that the ſtanzas ſung by the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, are not of *Shakeſpeare*'s own compoſition, but owe their original to the old Earl of *Surrey*'s poems. Many other of his occaſional little ſongs, I doubt not, but he purpoſely copied from his contemporary writers; ſometimes, out of banter; ſometimes, to do them honour. The manner of their intro-

introduction, and the uſes to which he has aſſigned them, will eaſily determine for which of the reaſons they are reſpectively employed. In *As you like it*, there are ſeveral little copies of verſes on *Roſalind*, which are ſaid to be the right Butter-woman's rank to market, and the very falſe gallop of verſes. Dr. *Thomas Lodge*, a phyſician who flouriſhed early in Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign, and was a great Writer of the Paſtoral Songs and Madrigals, which were ſo much the ſtrain of thoſe times, compoſed a whole volume of poems in praiſe of his miſtreſs, whom he calls *Roſalinde*. I never yet could meet with this collection; but whenever I do, I am perſuaded, I ſhall find many of our Author's Canzonets on this ſubject to be ſcraps of the Doctor's amorous Muſe: as, perhaps, thoſe by *Biron* too, and the other lovers in *Love's Labour's loſt*, may prove to be.

It has been remarked in the courſe of my notes, that muſick in our author's time had a very different uſe from what it has now. At this time, it is only employed to raiſe and inflame the paſſions; it, then, was applied to calm and allay all kinds of perturbations. And, agreeable to this obſervation, throughout all *Shakeſpeare*'s plays, where muſick is either actually uſed, or its powers deſcribed, it is chiefly ſaid to be for theſe ends. His *Twelfth-Night*, particularly, begins with a fine reflection that admirably marks its ſoothing properties.

That ſtrain again;—It had a dying fall.
Oh, *it came o'er my* ear like the ſweet ſouth,

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!

This ſimilitude is remarkable not only for the beauty of the image that it preſents, but likewiſe for the exactneſs to the thing compared. This is a way of teaching peculiar to the Poets; that, when they would deſcribe the nature of any thing, they do it not by a direct enumeration of its attributes or qualities, but by bringing ſomething into compariſon, and deſcribing theſe qualities of it that are of the kind with thoſe in the thing compared. So, here for inſtance, the Poet willing to inſtruct in the properties of muſick, in which the ſame ſtrains have a power to excite pleaſure, or pain, according to that ſtate of mind the hearer is then in, does it by preſenting the image of a ſweet South wind blowing o'er a violet-bank; which wafts away the odour of the violets, and at the ſame time communicates to it, its own ſweetneſs: by this inſinuating, that affecting muſick, tho' it takes away the natural ſweet tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the ſame time, communicates a pleaſure the mind felt not before. This knowledge, of the ſame objects being capable of raiſing two contrary affections, is a proof of no ordinary progreſs in the ſtudy of human nature. The general beauties of thoſe two poems of MILTON, intitled, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penſoroſo*, are obvious to all readers, becauſe the deſcriptions are the moſt poetical in the world; yet there is a peculiar *beauty in thoſe* two excellent pieces, that will much

much enhance the value of them to the more capable readers; which has never, I think, been obſerved. The images, in each poem, which he raiſes to excite mirth and melancholy, are exactly the ſame, only ſhewn in different attitudes. Had a writer, leſs acquainted with nature, given us two poems on theſe ſubjects, he would have been ſure to have ſought out the moſt contrary images to raiſe theſe contrary paſſions. And, particularly, as *Shakeſpeare*, in the paſſage I am now commenting, ſpeaks of theſe different effects in muſick; ſo *Milton* has brought it into each poem as the exciter of each affection: and leſt we ſhould miſtake him, as meaning that different airs had this different power, (which every fidler is proud to have you underſtand,) he gives the image of thoſe ſelf-ſame ſtrains that *Orpheus* uſed to regain *Eurydice*, as proper both to excite mirth and melancholy. But *Milton* moſt induſtriouſly copied the conduct of our *Shakeſpeare*, in paſſages that ſhewed an intimate acquaintance with nature and ſcience.

I have not thought it out of my province, whenever occaſion offered, to take notice of ſome of our Poet's grand touches of nature: Some, that do not appear ſuperficially ſuch; but in which he ſeems the moſt deeply inſtructed; and to which, no doubt, he has ſo much owed that happy preſervation of his Characters, for which he is juſtly celebrated. If he was not acquainted with *the rule as delivered* by *Horace*, his own

admirable genius piereed into the neceſſity of ſuch a rule.

———*Servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab incœpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

For what can be more ridiculous, than, in our modern writers, to make a debauched young man, immerſed in all the vices of his age and time, in a few hours take up, confine himſelf in the way of honour to one woman, and moralize in good earneſt on the follies of his paſt behaviour? Nor can, that great examplar of Comic writing, *Terence*, be altogether excuſed in this regard; who, in his *Adelphi*, has left *Demea* in the laſt ſcenes ſo unlike himſelf: whom, as *Shakeſpeare* expreſſes it, 'he has turn'd with the ſeamy 'ſide of his wit outward.' This conduct, as errors are more readily imitated than perfections, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* ſeem to have followed in a character in their *Scornful Lady*. It may be objected, perhaps, by ſome who do not go to the bottom of our Poet's conduct, that he has likewiſe tranſgreſſed, againſt the rule himſelf, by making Prince *Harry* at once, upon coming to the crown, throw off his former diſſoluteneſs, and take up the practice of a ſober morality and all the kingly virtues. But this would be a miſtaken objection. The Prince's reformation is not ſo ſudden, as not to be prepared and expected by the audience. He gives, indeed, a looſe to vanity, and a light unweighed behaviour, when he is trifling among his diſſolute companions; but the

ſparks

ſparks of innate honour and true nobleneſs break from him upon every proper occaſion, where we would hope to ſee him awake to ſentiments ſuiting his birth and dignity. And our Poet has ſo well, and artfully, guarded his character from the ſuſpicions of habitual and unreformable profligateneſs; that even from the firſt ſhewing him upon the ſtage, in the Firſt Part of *Henry* IV. when he made him conſent to join with *Falſtaff* in a robbery on the highway, he has taken care not to carry him off the ſcene, without an intimation that he knows them all, and their unyoked humour; and that, like the ſun, he will permit them only for a while to obſcure and cloud his brightneſs; then break through the miſt, when he pleaſes to be himſelf again; that his luſtre, when wanted, may be the more wondered at.

Another of *Shakeſpeare*'s grand touches of nature, and which lies ſtill deeper from the ken of common obſervation, has been taken notice of in a note upon *The Tempeſt*; where *Proſpero* at once interrupts the maſque of ſpirits, and ſtarts into a ſudden paſſion and diſorder of mind. As the latent cauſe of his emotion is there fully inquired into, I ſhall no farther dwell upon it here.

Such a conduct in a poet (as *Shakeſpeare* has manifeſted on many like occaſions;) where the turn of action ariſes from reflections of his characters, where the reaſon of it is not expreſſed in words, but drawn from the inmoſt reſources of nature, ſhews *him truly* capable of that art,

which is more in rule than practice: *Ars eſt celare artem.* 'Tis the foible of your worſer poets to make a parade and oſtentation of that little ſcience they have; and to throw it out in the moſt ambitious colours. And whenever a writer of this claſs ſhall attempt to copy theſe artful concealments of our author, and ſhall either think them eaſy, or practiſed by a writer for his eaſe, he will ſoon be convinced of his miſtake by the difficulty of reaching the imitation of them.

Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtráque laboret,
Auſus idem:——

Another grand touch of nature in our author, (not leſs difficult to imitate, tho' more obvious to the remark of a common reader) is, when he brings down at once any character from the ferment and height of paſſion, makes him correct himſelf for the unruly diſpoſition, and fall into reflections of a ſober and moral tenour. An exquiſite fine inſtance of this kind occurs in *Lear*, where that old King, haſty and intemperate in his paſſions, coming to his ſon and daughter *Cornwall*, is told by the earl of *Glouceſter* that they are not to be ſpoken with: and thereupon throws himſelf into a rage, ſuppoſing the excuſe of ſickneſs and wearineſs in them to be a purpoſed contempt: *Glouceſter* begs him to think of the fiery and unremoveable quality of the Duke: And this, which was deſigned to qualify his paſſion, ſerves to exaggerate the tranſports of it.

PREFACE.

As the conduct of Prince *Henry* in the firſt inſtance, the ſecret and mental reflections in the caſe of *Proſpero*, and the inſtant detour of *Lear* from the violence of rage to a temper of reaſoning, do ſo much honour to that ſurpriſing knowledge of human nature, which is certainly our author's maſterpiece, I thought, they could not be ſet in too good a light. Indeed, to point out, and exclaim upon, all the beauties of *Shakeſpeare*, as they come ſingly in review, would be as inſipid, as endleſs; as tedious, as unneceſſary: But the explanation of thoſe beauties, that are leſs obvious to common readers, and whoſe illuſtration depends on the rules of juſt criticiſm, and an exact knowledge of human life, ſhould deſervedly have a ſhare in a general critic upon the author.

I ſhall diſmiſs the examination into theſe his latent beauties, when I have made a ſhort comment upon a remarkable paſſage from *Julius Cæſar*, which is inexpreſſibly fine in itſelf, and greatly diſcovers our Author's knowledge and reſearches into nature.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the *interim* is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The *nature of an inſurrection*.

It has been allowed on all hands, how far our author was indebted to nature: it is not ſo well agreed, how much he owed to languages and acquired learning. The deciſions on this ſubject were certainly ſet on foot by the hint from *Ben Johnſon*, that he had ſmall Latin and leſs Greek: And from this tradition, as it were, Mr. *Rowe* has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It is "without controverſy, he had no knowledge of "the writings of the ancient poets, for that in his "works we find no traces of any thing which "looks like an imitation of the ancients. For the "delicacy of his taſte (continues he,) and the "natural bent of his own great genius (equal, "if not ſuperior, to ſome of the beſt of theirs;) "would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy "them with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their "fine images would naturally have inſinuated "themſelves into, and been mixed with, his own "writings: ſo that his not copying, at leaſt, "ſomething from them, may be an argument of "his never having read them." I ſhall leave it to the determination of my learned readers, from the numerous paſſages, which I have occaſionally quoted in my notes, in which our Poet ſeems cloſely to have imitated the claſſics, whether Mr. *Rowe*'s aſſertion be ſo abſolutely to be depended on. The reſult of the controverſy muſt certainly, either way, terminate to our Author's honour; how happily he could imitate them, if that point be allowed; or how glorioufly he could think

think like them, without owing any thing to imitation.

Tho' I ſhould be very unwilling to allow *Shakeſpeare* ſo poor a ſcholar, as many have laboured to repreſent him, yet I ſhall be very cautious of declaring too poſitively on the other ſide of the queſtion: that is, with regard to my opinion of his knowledge in the dead languages. And therefore the paſſages, that I occaſionally quote from the claſſics, ſhall not be urged as proofs that he knowingly imitated thoſe originals; but brought to ſhew how happily he has expreſſed himſelf upon the ſame topicks. A very learned critick of our own nation has declared, that a ſameneſs of thought and ſameneſs of expreſſion too, in two Writers of a different age, can hardly happen, without a violent ſuſpicion of the latter copying from his predeceſſor. I ſhall not therefore run any great riſque of a cenſure, tho' I ſhall venture to hint, that the reſemblance, in thought and expreſſion, of our author and an ancient (which we ſhould allow to be imitation in one, whoſe learning was not queſtioned) may ſometimes take its riſe from ſtrength of memory, and thoſe impreſſions which he owed to the ſchool. And if we may allow a poſſibility of this, conſidering that, when he quitted the ſchool, he gave into his father's profeſſion and way of living, and had, 'tis likely, but a ſlender library of claſſical learning: and conſidering what a number of tranſlations, romances, and legends, ſtarted about

his

his time, and a little before; (moſt of which, 'tis very evident, he read;) I think, it may eaſily be reconciled, why he rather ſchemed his plots and characters from theſe more latter informations, than went back to thoſe fountains, for which he might entertain a ſincere veneration, but to which he could not have ſo ready a recourſe.

In touching on another part of his learning as it related to the knowledge of hiſtory and books, I ſhall advance ſomething, that, at firſt ſight, will very much wear the appearance of a paradox. For I ſhall find it no hard matter to prove, that from the groſſeſt blunders in hiſtory, we are not to infer his real ignorance of it: Nor from a greater uſe of *Latin* words, than ever any other *Engliſh* author uſed, muſt we infer his knowledge of that language.

A reader of taſte may eaſily obſerve, that tho' *Shakeſpeare*, almoſt in every ſcene of his hiſtorical plays, commits the groſſeſt offences againſt chronology, hiſtory, and ancient politicks; yet this was not thro' ignorance, as is generally ſuppoſed, but thro' the too powerful blaze of his imagination; which, when once raiſed, made all acquired knowledge vaniſh and diſappear before it. For inſtance, in his *Timon*, he turns *Athens*, which was a perfect Democracy, into an Ariſtocracy; while he ridiculouſly gives a ſenator the power of baniſhing *Alcibiades*. On the contrary, in *Coriolanus*, he makes *Rome*, which at that time was a perfect Ariſtocracy, a Democracy full as ridiculouſly, by

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making the people chooſe *Coriolanus* conſul: Whereas, in fact, it was not till the time of *Manlius Torquatus*, that the people had a right of chooſing one conſul. But this licence in him, as I have ſaid, muſt not be imputed to ignorance: ſince as often we may find him, when occaſion ſerves, reaſoning up to the truth of hiſtory; and throwing out ſentiments as juſtly adapted to the circumſtances of his ſubject, as to the dignity of his characters, or dictates of nature in general.

Then, to come to his knowledge of the Latin tongue, 'tis certain, there is a ſurpriſing effuſion of Latin words made Engliſh, far more than in any one Engliſh Author I have ſeen; but we muſt be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the Engliſh tongue, in his age, began extremely to ſuffer by an inundation of Latin; and to be overlaid, as it were, by its nurſe, when it had juſt began to ſpeak by her before-prudent care and aſſiſtance. And this, to be ſure, was occaſioned by the pedantry of thoſe two monarchs, *Elizabeth* and *James*, both great Latiniſts. For it is not to be wondered at, if both the court and ſchools, equal flatterers of power, ſhould adapt themſelves to the royal taſte. This, then, was the condition of the Engliſh tongue when *Shakeſpeare* took it up: like a beggar in a rich wardrobe. He found the pure native Engliſh too cold and poor to ſecond the heat and abundance of his imagination: and therefore was forced to dreſs it in the robes, he ſaw provided for it: rich in them-

themſelves, but ill-ſhaped; cut out to an air of magnificence, but diſproportioned and cumberſome. To the coſtlineſs of ornament, he added all the graces and decorum of it. It may be ſaid, this did not require, or diſcover a knowledge of the Latin. To the firſt, I think, it did not; to the ſecond, it is ſo far from diſcovering it, that, I think it diſcovers the contrary. To make this more obvious by a modern inſtance: The great MILTON likewiſe laboured under the like inconvenience; when he firſt ſet upon adorning his own tongue, he likewiſe animated and enriched it with the Latin, but from his own ſtock: and ſo, rather by bringing in the phraſes, than the words: And this was natural; and will, I believe, always be the caſe in the ſame circumſtances. His language, eſpecially his proſe, is full of Latin words indeed, but much fuller of Latin phraſes: and his maſtery in the tongue made this unavoidable. On the contrary, *Shakeſpeare*, who, perhaps, was not ſo intimately verſed in the language, abounds in the words of it, but has few or none of its phraſes: Nor, indeed, if what I affirm be true, could he. This I take to be the trueſt criterion to determine this long agitated queſtion.

It may be mentioned, tho' no certain concluſion can be drawn from it, as a probable argument of his having read the ancients; that he perpetually expreſſes the genius of *Homer*, and other great *poets of* the old world, in animating all the

parts

parts of his deſcriptions; and, by bold and breathing metaphors and images, giving the properties of life and action to inanimate things. He is a copy too of thoſe Greek maſters in the infinite uſe of compound and de-compound epithets. I will not, indeed, aver, but that one with *Shakeſpeare*'s exquiſite genius and obſervation might have traced theſe glaring characteriſtics of antiquity by reading *Homer* in *Chapman*'s verſion.

An additional word or two naturally falls in here upon the genius of our author, as compared with that of *Johnſon* his contemporary. They are confeſſedly the greateſt writers our nation could ever boaſt of in the Drama. The firſt, we ſay, owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and the other a great deal to his art and learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable appearance in their writings. Beſides thoſe wonderful maſterpieces of art and genius, which each has given us; they are the authors of other works very unworthy of them: But with this difference; that in *Johnſon*'s bad pieces, we don't diſcover one ſingle trace of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemiſt*: but in the wild extravagant notes of *Shakeſpeare*, you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize the divine compoſer. This difference may be thus accounted for. *Johnſon*, as we ſaid before, owing all his excellence to his art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when at other times he unbent *and played* with his ſubject, having

nothing

nothing then to ſupport him, it is no wonder he wrote ſo far beneath himſelf. But *Shakeſpeare*, indebted more largely to nature, than the other to acquired talents, in his moſt negligent hours could never ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with aſtoniſhing force and ſplendor.

As I have never propoſed to dilate farther on the character of my Author, than was neceſſary to explain the nature and uſe of this edition, I ſhall proceed to conſider him as a genius in poſſeſſion of an everlaſting name. And how great that merit muſt be, which could gain it againſt all the diſadvantages of the horrid condition in which he has hitherto appeared! Had *Homer*, or any other admired author, firſt ſtarted into publick ſo maimed and deformed, we cannot determine whether they had not ſunk for ever under the ignominy of ſuch an ill appearance. The mangled condition of *Shakeſpeare* has been acknowledged by Mr. *Rowe*, who publiſhed him indeed, but neither corrected his text, nor collated the old copies. This Gentleman had abilities, and a ſufficient knowledge of his author, had but his induſtry been equal to his talents. The ſame mangled condition has been acknowledged too by Mr. *Pope*, who publiſhed him likewiſe, pretended to have collated the old copies, and yet ſeldom has corrected the text but to its injury. I congratulate with the Manes of our Poet, that this Gentleman has been ſparing in indulging his private

ſenſe

, for he, who tampers with an author whom
es not underſtand, muſt do it at the expence
ſubject. I have made it evident through-
ıy remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a
ıd where he intended a cure. He has acted
regard to our author, as an editor, whom LIP-
mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL;
tus eſt neſcio quis Popa, *qui non* vitia *ejus, ſed*
ı, *excidit.* He has attacked him like an un-
y ſlaughterman; and not lopped off the
s, but the Poet.

Then this is found to be the fact, how abſurd
appear the praiſes of ſuch an Editor? It
s a moot point whether Mr. *Pope* has done
injury to *Shakeſpeare* as his Editor and En-
aſt; or Mr. *Rymer* done him ſervice as his
l and Cenſurer. Were it every where the
text, which that Editor in his late pompous
on gave us, the Poet deſerved not the large
ıniums beſtowed by him: nor, in that caſe,
ımer's cenſure of the barbarity of his thoughts,
the impropriety of his expreſſions, ground-
They have both ſhown themſelves in an
ıl impuiſſance of ſuſpecting or amending the
upted paſſages: and tho' it be neither pru-
:e to cenſure, or commend, what one does
underſtand; yet if a man muſt do one when
ılays the critick, the latter is the more ridi-
ıus office. And by that *Shakeſpeare* ſuffers
t. *For the natural* veneration, which we
for him, makes us apt to ſwallow whatever

is

is given us as his, and ſet off with encomiums; and hence we quit all ſuſpicions of depravity: On the contrary, the cenſure of ſo divine an author ſets us upon his defence; and this produces an exact ſcrutiny and examination, which ends in finding out and diſcriminating the true from the ſpurious.

It is not with any ſecret pleaſure, that I ſo frequently animadvert on Mr. *Pope* as a critick; but there are provocations, which a man can never quite forget. His libels have been thrown out with ſo much inveteracy, that not to diſpute whether they ſhould come from a Chriſtian, they leave it a queſtion whether they could come from a man. I ſhould be loth to doubt, as *Quintus Serenus* did in a like caſe,

Sive homo, ſeu ſimilis turpiſſima beſtia nobis,
Vulnera dente dedit.

The indignation, perhaps, for being repreſented a blockhead, may be as ſtrong in us as it is in the ladies for a reflection on their beauties. It is certain, I am indebted to him for ſome flagrant civilities; and I ſhall willingly devote a part of my life to the honeſt endeavour of quitting ſcores: with this exception however, that I will not return thoſe civilities in his peculiar ſtrain, but confine myſelf, at leaſt, to the limits of common decency. I ſhall ever think it better to want wit *than to want* humanity: and impartial poſterity *may, perhaps,* be of my opinion.

But

But to return to my ſubject; which now calls upon me to inquire into thoſe cauſes, to which the depravations of my author originally may be aſſigned. We are to conſider him as a writer, of whom no authentic manuſcript was extant; as a writer, whoſe pieces were diſperſedly performed on the ſeveral ſtages then in being. And it was the cuſtom of thoſe days for the poets to take a price of the players for the pieces they from time to time furniſhed; and thereupon it was ſuppoſed, they had no farther right to print them without the conſent of the players. As it was the intereſt of the companies to keep their plays unpubliſhed, when any one ſucceeded, there was a conteſt betwixt the curioſity of the town, who demanded to ſee it in print, and the policy of the ſtagers, who wiſhed to ſecrete it within their own walls. Hence, many pieces were taken down in ſhort-hand, and imperfectly copied by ear, from a repreſentation: Others were printed from piece-meal parts ſurreptitiouſly obtain'd from the theatres, uncorrect, and without the Poet's knowledge. To ſome of theſe cauſes we owe the train of blemiſhes, that deform thoſe pieces which ſtole ſingly into the world in our author's life-time.

There are ſtill other reaſons, which may be ſuppoſed to have affected the whole ſet. When the players took upon them to publiſh his works entire, every theatre was ranſacked to ſupply the copy; and parts collected which had gone thro' as many

changes

changes as performers, either from mutilations or additions made to them. Hence we derive many chaſms and incoherences in the ſenſe and matter. Scenes were frequently tranſpoſed, and ſhuffled out of their true place, to humour the caprice or ſuppoſed convenience of ſome particular actor. Hence much confuſion and impropriety has attended, and embarraſſed, the buſineſs and fable. For there ever have been, and ever will be in playhouſes, a ſet of aſſuming directors, who know better than the poet himſelf the connection and dependance of his ſcenes; where matter is defective, or ſuperfluities to be retrenched; perſons that have the fountain of inſpiration as peremptorily in them, as Kings have that of honour. To theſe obvious cauſes of corruption it muſt be added, that our author has lain under the diſadvantage of having his errors propagated and multiplied by time: becauſe, for near a century, his works were republiſhed from the faulty copies without the aſſiſtance of any intelligent editor: which has been the caſe likewiſe of many a claſſic writer.

The nature of any diſtemper once found has generally been the immediate ſtep to a cure. *Shakeſpeare*'s caſe has in a great meaſure reſembled that of a corrupt claſſic; and, conſequently the method of cure was likewiſe to bear a reſemblance. By what means, and with what ſucceſs, this cure has been effected on ancient writers, is too well known, and needs no formal illuſtration.

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The reputation conſequent on taſks of that nature invited me to attempt the method here; with this view, the hopes of reſtoring to the public their greateſt poet in his original purity: after having ſo long lain in a condition that was a diſgrace to common ſenſe. To this end I have ventured on a labour that is the firſt eſſay of the kind on any modern author whatſoever. For the late edition of *Milton* by the learned Dr. *Bentley* is, in the main, a performance of another ſpecies. It is plain, it was the intention of that great man rather to correct and pare off the excreſcences of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, in the manner that *Tucca* and *Varius* were employed to criticize the *Æneis* of *Virgil*, than to reſtore corrupted paſſages. Hence, therefore, may be ſeen either the iniquity or ignorance of his cenſurers, who from ſome expreſſions, would make us believe, the Doctor every where gives us his corrections as the original text of the author; whereas the chief turn of his criticiſm is plainly to ſhew the world, that if *Milton* did not write as he would have him, he ought to have wrote ſo.

I thought proper to premiſe this obſervation to the readers, as it will ſhew that the critic on *Shakeſpeare* is of a quite different kind. His genuine text is religiouſly adhered to, and the numerous faults and blemiſhes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is altered, but what by the cleareſt reaſoning can be proved a corruption of the true text; and the alteration, a

real

real reſtoration of the genuine reading. Nay, ſo ſtrictly have I ſtrove to give the true reading, tho' ſometimes not to the advantage of my author, that I have been ridiculouſly ridiculed for it by thoſe, who either were iniquitouſly for turning every thing to my diſadvantage; or elſe were totally ignorant of the true duty of an editor.

The ſcience of criticiſm, as far as it affects an editor, ſeems to be reduced to theſe three claſſes; the emendation of corrupt paſſages; the explanation of obſcure and difficult ones; and an inquiry into the beauties and defects of compoſition. This work is principally confined to the two former parts; tho' there are ſome ſpecimens interſperſed of the latter kind, as ſeveral of the emendations were beſt ſupported, and ſeveral of the difficulties beſt explained, by taking notice of the beauties and defects of the compoſition peculiar to this immortal poet. But this was but occaſional, and for the ſake only of perfecting the two other parts, which were the proper objects of the editor's labour. The third lies open for every willing undertaker: and I ſhall be pleaſed to ſee it the employment of a maſterly pen.

It muſt neceſſarily happen, as I have formerly obſerved, that where the aſſiſtance of manuſcripts is wanting to ſet an author's meaning right, and reſcue him from thoſe errors which have been tranſmitted down thro' a ſeries of incorrect editions, and a long intervention of time, many paſſages

muſt be deſperate, and paſt a cure; and their true ſenſe irretrievable either to care or the ſagacity of conjecture. But is there any reaſon therefore to ſay, that becauſe all cannot be retrieved, all ought to be left deſperate? We ſhould ſhew very little honeſty, or wiſdom, to play the tyrants with an Author's text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all adventures, and to the utter detriment of his ſenſe and meaning: But to be ſo very reſerved and cautious, as to interpoſe no relief or conjecture, where it manifeſtly labours and cries out for aſſiſtance, ſeems on the other hand, an indolent abſurdity.

But becauſe the art of criticiſm, both by thoſe who cannot form a true judgment of its effects, nor can penetrate into its cauſes, (which takes in a great number beſides the Ladies;) is eſteemed only an arbitrary capricious tyranny exerciſed on books; I think proper to ſubjoin a word or two about thoſe rules on which I have proceeded, and by which I have regulated myſelf in this edition. By this, I flatter myſelf, it will appear, my emendations are ſo far from being arbitrary or capricious, that they are eſtabliſhed with a very high degree of moral certainty.

As there are very few pages in *Shakeſpeare*, upon which ſome ſuſpicions of depravity do not reaſonably ariſe; I have thought it my duty, in the firſt place, by a diligent and laborious collation to take in the aſſiſtances of all the old copies.

In his Hiſtorical Plays, whenever our Engliſh

Chronicles, and in his Tragedies when *Greek* or *Roman* ſtory, could give any light; no pains have been omitted to ſet paſſages right by comparing my Author with his originals: for, as I have frequently obſerved, he was a cloſe and accurate copier wherever his Fable was founded on Hiſtory.

Wherever the Author's ſenſe is clear and diſcoverable, (tho' perchance, low and trivial;) I have not by any innovation tampered with his text; out of an oſtentation of endeavouring to make him ſpeak better than the old copies have done.

Where, thro' all the former editions, a paſſage has laboured under flat nonſenſe and invincible darkneſs, if, by the addition or alteration of a letter or two, I have reſtored to him both ſenſe and ſentiment, ſuch corrections, I am perſuaded, will need no indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have conſtantly endeavoured to ſupport my corrections and conjectures by parallel paſſages and authorities from himſelf, the ſureſt means of expounding any author whatſoever. *Cette voïe d'interpreter un autheur par lui-méme eſt plus ſure que tous les commentairies*, ſays a very learned *French* critic.

As to my Notes, (from which the common and learned readers of our Author, I hope, will derive ſome pleaſure;) I have endeavoured to give them a variety in ſome proportion to their number. Where-ever I have ventured at an emendation, a Note is conſtantly ſubjoined to juſtify and

aſſert the reaſon of it. Where I only offer a conjecture, and do not diſturb the text, I fairly ſet forth my grounds for ſuch conjecture, and ſubmit it to judgment. Some remarks are ſpent in explaining paſſages, where the wit or ſatire depends on an obſcure point of hiſtory: Others, where allufions are to divinity, philoſophy, or other branches of ſcience. Some are added to ſhew, where there is a ſuſpicion of our Author having borrowed from the antients: Others, to ſhew where he is rallying his contemporaries; or where he himſelf is rallied by them. And ſome are neceſſarily thrown in, to explain an obſcure and obſolete Term, Phraſe, or Idea.

In reforming an infinite number of paſſages in the Pointing, where the ſenſe was before quite loſt, I have frequently ſubjoined notes to ſhew the depraved, and to prove the reformed, pointing: a part of labour in this work which I could very willingly have ſpared myſelf. May it not be objected, why then have you burdened us with theſe notes? The anſwer is obvious, and, if I miſtake not, very material. Without ſuch notes, theſe paſſages in ſubſequent editions would be liable, through the ignorance of printers and correctors, to fall into the old confuſion: whereas, a note on every one hinders all poſſible return to depravity; and for ever ſecures them in a ſtate of purity and integrity not to be loſt or forfeited.

Again, as ſome notes have been neceſſary to point out the detection of the corrupted text,

and eſtabliſh the reſtoration of the genuine readings; ſome others have been as neceſſary for the explanation of paſſages obſcure and difficult. To underſtand the neceſſity and uſe of this part of my taſk, ſome particulars of my Author's character are previouſly to be explained. There are Obſcurities in him, which are common to him with all Poets of the ſame ſpecies; there are others, the iſſue of the times he lived in; and there are others, again, peculiar to himſelf. The nature of comic poetry being entirely ſatyrical, it buſies itſelf more in expoſing what we call caprice and humour, than vices cognizable to the laws. The *Engliſh*, from the happineſs of a free conſtitution, and a turn of mind peculiarly ſpeculative and inquiſitive, are obſerved to produce more Humouriſts and a greater variety of original Characters than any other people whatſoever: and theſe owing their immediate birth to the peculiar genius of each age, an infinite number of things alluded to, glanced at, and expoſed, muſt needs become obſcure, as the characters themſelves are antiquated, and diſuſed. An Editor therefore ſhould be well verſed in the hiſtory and manners of his Author's age, if he aims at doing him a ſervice in this reſpect.

Beſides, Wit lying moſtly in the aſſemblage of Ideas, and in the putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance, or congruity, to make up pleaſant pictures, and agreeable viſions in the fancy; the writer,

writer, who aims at wit, muſt of courſe range far and wide for materials. Now, the age, in which *Shakeſpeare* lived, having above all others, a wonderful affection to appear learned, they declined vulgar images, ſuch as are immediately fetched from nature, and ranged through the circle of the ſciences to fetch their ideas from thence. But as the reſemblances of ſuch ideas to the ſubject muſt neceſſarily lie very much out of the common way, and every piece of wit appear a riddle to the vulgar; This, that ſhould have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural tract they were in, (and induce them to follow a more natural one,) was the very thing that kept them attached to it. The oſtentatious affectation of abſtruſe learning, peculiar to that time, the love that men naturally have to every thing that looks like myſtery, fixed them down to this habit of obſcurity. Thus became the poetry of DONNE (though the wittieſt man of that age,) nothing but a continued heap of riddles. And our *Shakeſpeare*, with all his eaſy nature about him, for want of the knowledge of the true rules of art, falls frequently into this vicious manner.

The third ſpecies of Obſcurities, which deform our Author, as the effects of his own genius and character, are thoſe that proceed from his peculiar manner of thinking, and as peculiar a manner of cloathing thoſe thoughts. With regard to his thinking, it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of *all the* ſciences; but his acquain-

tance was rather that of a traveller, than a native. Nothing in philoſophy was unknown to him; but every thing in it had the grace and force of novelty. And as novelty is one main ſource of admiration, we are not to wonder that he has perpetual alluſions to the moſt recondite parts of the ſciences: and this was done not ſo much out of affectation, as the effect of admiration begot by novelty. Then, as to his ſtyle and diction, we may much more juſtly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated writer has ſaid of MILTON; 'Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal 'to that greatneſs of ſoul which furniſhed him 'with ſuch glorious conceptions.' He therefore frequently uſes old words, to give his diction an air of ſolemnity; as he coins others, to expreſs the novelty and variety of his ideas.

Upon every diſtinct ſpecies of theſe Obſcurities I have thought it my province to employ a note, for the ſervice of my Author, and the entertainment of my readers. A few tranſient remarks too I have not ſcrupled to intermix, upon the Poet's negligences and omiſſions in point of art; but I have done it always in ſuch a manner, as will teſtify my deference and veneration for the immortal Author.

I had not mentioned the modeſt liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my Author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the ſplenetic exaggerations of my adverſaries on this head. From paſt experiments I have reaſon *to be conſcious*, in what light this attempt may be

placed: and that what I call a modeſt liberty, will, by a little of their dexterity, be inverted into downright impudence. From a hundred mean and diſhoneſt artifices employed to diſcredit this edition, and to cry down its Editor, I have all the grounds in nature to be aware of attacks. But though the malice of wit ſhould ſtrike at the ſmoothneſs of verſification may furniſh ſome ridicule; fact, I hope, will be able to ſtand its ground againſt banter and gaiety.

It has been my fate, it ſeems, as I thought it my duty, to diſcover ſome Anachroniſms in our Author; which might have ſlept in obſcurity but for this Reſtorer, as Mr. *Pope* is pleaſed affectionately to ſtyle me; as, for inſtance, where *Ariſtotle* is mentioned by *Hector* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*: and *Galen*, *Cato*, and *Alexander* the Great, in *Coriolanus*. Theſe, in Mr. *Pope*'s opinion, are blunders, with the illiteracy of the firſt publiſhers of his works has fathered upon the Poet's memory: 'It not being at all credible, that theſe could be 'the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture 'of a ſchool, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch 'as had.' But I have ſufficiently proved, in the courſe of my notes, that ſuch anachroniſms were the effect of poetic licence, rather than of ignorance in our Poet. And if I may be permitted to aſk a modeſt queſtion by the way, why may not I reſtore an anachroniſm really made by our Author, as well as Mr. *Pope* take the privilege to fix others upon him, *which he never* had it in his head to *make; as I may venture* to affirm he had not,

in

in the inſtance of Sir *Francis Drake*, to which I have ſpoke in the proper place?

How juſt, notwithſtanding, I have been in detecting the anachroniſms of my Author, and in defending him for the uſe of them, our late Editor ſeems to think, they ſhould rather have ſlept in obſcurity: and the having diſcovered them is ſneered at, as a ſort of wrong-headed ſagacity.

The numerous corrections, which I made of the Poet's text in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*, and which the public have been ſo kind to think well of, are, in the appendix of Mr. *Pope*'s laſt edition, ſlightingly call'd Various Readings, Gueſſes, *&c.* He confeſſes to have inſerted as many of them as he judged of any the leaſt advantage to the Poet; but ſays, that the whole amounted to about twenty-five words: and pretends to have annexed a compleat liſt of the reſt, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my book will at one glance ſee, how in both theſe points veracity is ſtrained, ſo an injury might but be done. *Malus etſi obeſſe non pote, tamen cogitat.*

Another expedient, to make my work appear of a trifling nature, has been an attempt to depreciate literal criticiſm. To this end, and to pay a ſervile compliment to Mr. *Pope*, an anonymous writer has, like a *Scotch* pedlar in wit, unbraced his pack on the ſubject. But, that his virulence might not ſeem to be levelled ſingly at me, he has done me the honour to join Dr. *Bentley* in the libel. I was in hopes, we ſhould have been

both abuſed with ſmartneſs of ſatire, at leaſt; though not with ſolidity of argument: that it might have been worth ſome reply in defence of the ſcience attacked. But I may fairly ſay of this author, as *Falſtaff* does of *Poins*;—"Hang "him, baboon! his wit is as thick as *Tewkſ-* "*bury* muſtard; there is no more conceit in him, "than is in a MALLET. If it be not prophanation to ſet the opinion of the divine *Longinus* againſt ſuch a ſcribler, he tells us expreſly, "That "to make a judgment upon Words (and Writings) "is the moſt conſummate fruit of much experi- "ence." ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγέννημα. Whenever Words are depraved, the ſenſe of courſe muſt be corrupted; and thence the readers betrayed into a falſe meaning.

If the *Latin* and *Greek* languages have received the greateſt advantages imaginable from the Labours of the Editors and Criticks of the two laſt ages; by whoſe aid and aſſiſtance the Grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that art than even the preceding Grammarians, who wrote when thoſe tongues flouriſhed as living languages: I ſhould account it a peculiar happineſs, that, by the faint eſſay I have made in this work, a path might be chalked out, for abler hands, by which to derive the ſame advantages to our own tongue: a tongue, which tho' it wants none of the fundamental qualities of an univerſal language, *yet as a* noble Writer ſays, liſps and ſtam-

ſtammers as in its cradle; and has produced little more towards its poliſhing than complaints of its barbarity.

Having now run through all thoſe points, which I intended ſhould make any part of this diſſertation, and having in my former edition made publick acknowledgments of the aſſiſtances lent me, I ſhall conclude with a brief account of the methods taken in this.

The few literal errors, which had eſcaped notice, for want of reviſals, in the former edition, are here reformed: and the pointing of innumerable paſſages is regulated, with all the accuracy I am capable of.

I ſhall decline making any farther declaration of the pains I have taken upon my Author, becauſe it was my duty, as his Editor, to publiſh him with my beſt care and judgment: and becauſe, I am ſenſible, all ſuch declarations are conſtrued to be laying a ſort of a debt on the public. As the former edition has been received with much indulgence, I ought to make my acknowledgments to the town for their favourable opinion of it: and I ſhall always be proud to think that encouragement the beſt payment I can hope to receive from my poor ſtudies.

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE's

WILL.

Extracted from the Regiſtry of the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.

Viceſimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini noſtri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ &c. decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadrageſimo nono, Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, *Amen*. I *William Shakſpeare* of *Stratford upon Avon* in the county of *Warwick*, Gent. in perfect health and memory, God be praiſed, do make and ordain this my laſt Will and Teſtament in manner and form following; that is to ſay:

Firſt, I commend my Soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and aſſuredly believing, through the only merits of Jeſus Chriſt my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlaſting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter *Judith* one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful *Engliſh* money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following;

that is to ſay, one hundred Pounds in diſcharge of her marriage portion within one year after my deceaſe, with conſiderations after the rate of two ſhillings in the pound for ſo long time as the ſame ſhall be unpaid unto her after my deceaſe; and the fifty pounds reſidue thereof upon her ſurrendring of or giving of ſuch ſufficient ſecurity as the overſeers of this my Will ſhall like of, to ſurrender or grant all her eſtate and right that ſhall deſcend or come unto her after my deceaſe, or that ſhe now hath of, in, or to one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances lying and being in *Stratford upon Avon* aforeſaid, in the ſaid county of *Warwick*, being parcell or holden of the Manor of *Rowington*, unto my daughter *Suſannah Hall*, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid daughter *Judith*, one hundred and fifty pounds more, if ſhe, or any iſſue of her body, be living at the end of three years next enſuing the day of the date of this my Will, during which time my executors to pay her conſideration from my deceaſe according to the rate aforeſaid: And if ſhe die within the ſaid term without iſſue of *her body*, then my Will is, and I do give

and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece *Elizabeth Hall*, and the fifty pounds to be ſet forth by my executors during the life of my ſiſter *Joan Harte*, and the uſe and profit thereof coming, ſhall be paid to my ſaid ſiſter *Joan*, and after her deceaſe the fifty pounds ſhall remain amongſt the children of my ſaid ſiſter, equally to be divided amongſt them; but if my ſaid daughter *Judith* be living at the end of the ſaid three years, or any iſſue of her body, then my Will is, and ſo I deviſe and bequeath the ſaid hundred and fifty Pounds to be ſet out by my executors and overſeers for the beſt benefit of her and her iſſue, and the ſtock not to be paid unto her ſo long as ſhe ſhall be married and covert baron; but my Will is that ſhe ſhall have the conſideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her deceaſe the ſaid ſtock and conſideration to be paid to her children, if ſhe have any, and if not, to her executors and aſſigns, ſhe living the ſaid term after my deceaſe; provided that if ſuch huſband as ſhe ſhall at the end of the ſaid three years be married unto, or at and after, do ſufficiently aſſure unto her *and the iſſue of her* body, land anſwerable

to the portion by this my Will given unto her, and to be adjudged ſo by my executors and overſeers, then my Will is, that the ſaid hundred and fifty pounds ſhall be paid to ſuch huſband as ſhall make ſuch aſſurance, to his own uſe.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my ſaid ſiſter *Joan* twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my deceaſe; and I do will and deviſe unto her the houſe with the appurtenances in *Stratford*, wherein ſhe dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three ſons, *William Hart*,——*Hart*, and *Michael Hart*, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the ſaid *Elizabeth Hall* all my plate that I now have, except my broad ſilver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my Will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of *Stratford* aforeſaid ten pounds, to Mr. *Thomas Combe* my ſword, to *Thomas Ruſſel*, Eſq; five pounds, and to *Francis Collins* of the borough of *Warwick*, in the county of *Warwick*, Gent. thirteen pounds ſix

ſhillings

ſhillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my deceaſe.

Item, I give and bequeath to *Hamlett Sadler* twenty-ſix ſhillings, eight pence, to buy him a ring; to *William Reynolds*, Gent. twenty ſix ſhillings, eight pence, to buy him a ring; to my godſon *William Walker* twenty ſhillings in gold; to *Anthony Naſh*, Gent. twenty-ſix ſhillings, eight pence; and to Mr. *John Naſh* twenty-ſix ſhillings, eight pence; and to my fellows *John Hemynge*, *Richard Burbage*, and *Henry Cundell*, twenty-ſix ſhillings, eight pence apiece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and deviſe, unto my daughter *Suſannah Hall*, for the better enabling of her to perform this my Will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital meſſuage or tenement, with the appurtenances in *Stratford* aforeſaid, called the *New Place*, wherein I now dwell, and two meſſuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, ſituate, lying, and being in *Henley Street*, within the borough of *Stratford* aforeſaid; and all my barns, ſtables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatſoever, ſituate, lying, and being, *or to be* had, reſerved, preſerved

or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of *Stratford upon Avon*, *Old Stratford*, *Bushaxton*, and *Welcombe*, or in any of them, in the said county of *Warwick*; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one *John Robinson* dwelleth, situate, lying and being in the *Black Friers* in *London* near the *Wardrobe*; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said *Susannah Hall*, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs to the third son of the body of the said *Susannah* lawfully issuing; and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another,

and

and to the heirs males of the bodies of the ſaid fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh ſons lawfully iſſuing, in ſuch manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the firſt, ſecond, and third ſons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of ſuch iſſue, the ſaid premiſes to be and remain to my ſaid Niece *Hall*, and the heirs males of her body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to my daughter *Judith*, and the heirs males of her body lawfully iſſuing; and for default of ſuch iſſue, to the right heirs of me the ſaid *William Shakſpeare* for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown beſt bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my ſaid daughter *Judith* my broad ſilver gilt bole. All the reſt of my goods, chattels, leaſes, plate, jewels, and houſhold-ſtuff whatſoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences diſcharged, I give, deviſe, and bequeath to my ſon-in law *John Hall*, Gent. and my daughter *Suſannah* his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament. And I do intreat and appoint the ſaid *Thomas Ruſſel*, Eſq; and *Francis* Collins, Gent.

Gent. to be overſeeers hereof. And do revoke all former Wills, and publiſh this to be my laſt Will and Teſtament. In witneſs whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year firſt above-written, by me

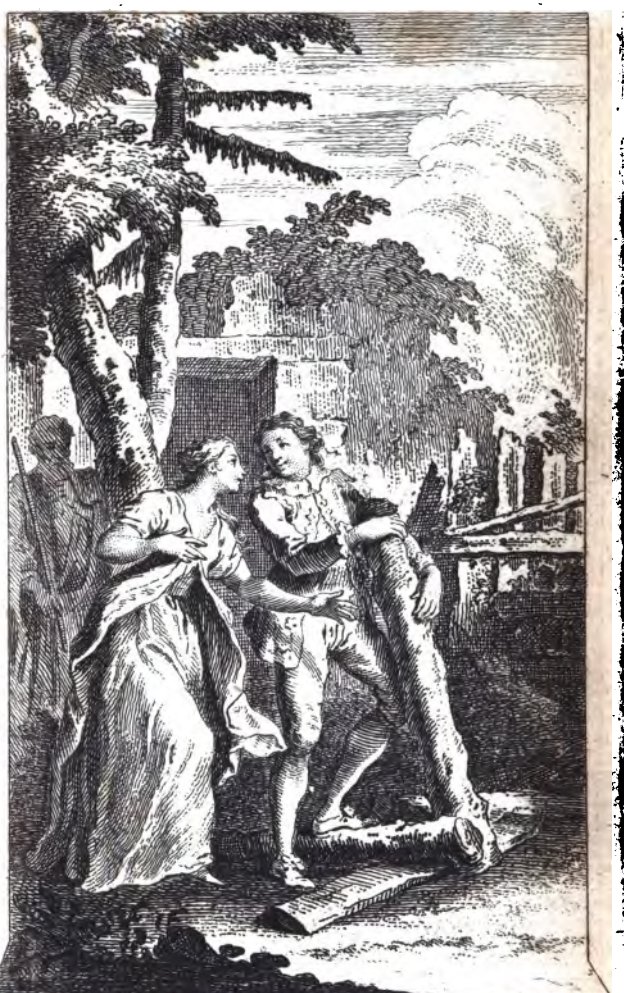
William Shakſpeare.

Witneſs to the publiſhing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinſon,
Hamlett Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magiſtro William Byrde Legum Doctore Commiſſario &c. viceſimo ſecundo die Menſis Junii Anno Domini 1616. *Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui &c. de bene et Jurat. Reſervata poteſtate et Suſannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cu. vendit &c. petitur.*

THE



H. Gravelot in Vol: 1. P: 1.

G. V.dr Gucht Sculp.

THE

TEMPEST.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *the right Duke of* Milan.
Anthonio, *his Brother, the uſurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old Counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Franciſco, } *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Savage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken* Butler.
Maſter of a Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *Spirits, employed in the* Maſque.

Other Spirits, attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, an uninhabited Iſland.

THE

TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE, on a Ship at Sea.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boatſwain.

MASTER.

Oatſwain,—

Boatſ. Here, maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourſelves a-ground; beſtir, beſtir. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the topſail; tend to th' maſter's whiſtle; blow, *'till thou burſt thy wind,* if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatſwain, have care: where's the maſter? play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence—what care theſe roarers for the name of King? to cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None, that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace o' the (1) preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main courſe. A plague upon this howling! —

A cry within. Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, *and* Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? ſhall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to ſink?

Sebaſ. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatſ.

(1) *i. e.* on the preſent, at this inſtant.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreſon, inſolent, noiſemaker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boatſ. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers, to prayers! all loſt [*Exe.*

Boatſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us aſſiſt 'em; For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt raſcal —— would, thou might'ſt lie drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.
A confuſed noiſe within.] Mercy on us!
We ſplit, we ſplit! farewel, my wife and children!
Brother, farewel! we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!

Ant. Let's all ſink with the King. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing;—the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death!

SCENE changes to a part of the Inchanted Iſland, near the Cell of *Proſpero.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mira. IF by your art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, *it ſeems, would* pour down ſtinking pitch,

But that the ſea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O! I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: a brave veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart; poor ſouls, they periſh'd!
Had I been any God of pow'r, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth; or ere
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The freighting ſouls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better (2)
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full-poor cell, (3)
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me: ſo!
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,

(2) *I am more better.*] This is the genuine reading, which the laſt Editor has ſophiſticated; not obſerving, I ſuppoſe, how frequent it is with *Shakeſpeare*, and the other Writers of that age, to add the *termination* to adjectives of the *comparative* and *ſuperlative* degrees, and at the ſame time prefix the *ſigns* ſhowing the degrees.

(3) full poor *cell*,] Theſe two adjectives without a *Hyphen*, and taking the firſt adverbially, make ſtark nonſenſe; but *full-poor* is what the *Latins* uſed to expreſs by *perpauper*, *pereximuus*. The *French* likewiſe have a ſimilar form of expreſſion; *fort-pauvre*, *fort-debile*, *fort-malade*, &c.

I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art (4)
So ſafely order'd, that there is no foyle, (5)
No not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink: ſit down.
For thou muſt now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay; not yet.* ——

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old. (6)

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance

(4) Proviſion *in mine art.*] This is the reading of the 1ſt *fol.* edition, which I have therefore reſtored. The word *compaſſion* took place afterwards, I preſume, from the miſtake of the Printers, who threw their eyes twice inadvertently on the preceding line, where this word is, and ſo happen'd to ſubſtitute it.

(5) *is no* foyle,] *i. e.* no damage, loſs, detriment. The two old *Folio's* read,——*is no foul*: which will not agree in Grammar with the following part of the ſentence. Mr. *Rowe* firſt ſubſtituted—*no foul left*, which does not much mend the matter, taking the context together. *Foyle* is a word familiar with our Poet, and in ſome degree ſynonymous to *perdition* in the next line. So in the beginning of the third act of this play,

——but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the *foil.*

i. e. abated, undid it.

(6) out *three years old.*] This is the old reading: 'tis true, the expreſſion is obſolete, but it ſupply'd the ſenſe of, *full out*, *out-right*, or *right-out*, as in the fourth act of this play;

Swears, he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*; twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of pow'r.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.
Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl!
By foul play (as thou ſay'ſt) were we heav'd thence:
But bleſſedly help'd hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*—
I pray thee, mark me;—(that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thyſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt;
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:)
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle—
(Doſt thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,

How

How to deny them; whom t' advance, and whom
To traſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures, that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i' th' ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And ſuckt my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'ſt not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being ſo retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in its contrary, as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact; like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lye, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; from ſubſtitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing —
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan*. Me, poor man!---my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan!*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th'event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſin, (7)
To think but nobly of my grand mother;
Good wombs have bore bad ſons. (8)
Pro. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearks my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i' th' dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mira. Alack, for pity!

(7 ——— *I ſhould ſin,*
To think not *nobly of my grandmother*;] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading; from no authority, I preſume: All the copies that I have ſeen, have it; *to think* but *nobly*—i. e. otherwiſe than nobly; according to our Author's uſage. So, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*;

I know not; if they ſpeak *but* truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her.

And ſo in *Timon*;

— I to bear this,
That never knew *but* better, is ſome burden.
&c. &c.

(8) *Good wombs have bore bad ſons.*
Pro. *Now, the condition*:] Thus have all the editions divided theſe ſpeeches; but, tho' I have not attempted to regulate them otherwiſe, I have great ſuſpicion, that our Author plac'd them thus;
Pro. *Good wombs have bore bad ſons.*—*Now, the condition*:
How could *Miranda*, that came into this *deſart iſland* an infant that had never ſeen any other creatures of the world, but her father and *Caliban*, with any propriety be furniſh'd to make ſuch an obſervation from life, that the iſſue has often degenerated from the parent? But it comes very properly from *Proſpero*, as a ſhort document, by the by, to his daughter; implying, "that ſhe did very well to think with "honour of her anceſtor; for that it was common in life, for good "*people to* have bad children."

I, not rememb'ring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs,
Which now's upon's, without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mira. Why did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not
(So dear the love my people bore me;) ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to ſea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to th' ſea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To th' winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the ſea with drops full-ſalt;
Under my burden groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we a-ſhore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which *ſince have ſteeded* much. So of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me

From

From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
Pro. Now, I ariſe: ——
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.
Mir. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and, by my preſcience,
I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. — Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way; I know, thou canſt not chuſe. ——
[Miranda *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel.* Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure: Be't to fly;
To ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding taſk
Ariel, and all his qualities.
Pro. Haſt thou, ſpirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the King's ſhip: now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I fram'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top maſt,

The

The yards, and bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly;
Then meet and join. *Joye*'s lightnings, the precurſers
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave, brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of deſperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
"And all the devils are here."
Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?
Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.
Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?
Ari. Not a hair periſh'd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before. And as thou badſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the King's ſhip.
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o' th' fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermudas*, there ſhe's hid: (9)

The

(9) *From the ſtill-vext* Bermoothes] So this word has hitherto been miſtakenly written in all the books. There are about 400 iſlands

The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I've left aſleep; and for the reſt o' th' fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the King's ſhip wreckt,
And his great perſon periſh.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.

Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes; the time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.

Ari. Is there more toil? ſince thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody!
What is't thou canſt demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without grudge, or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.

iſlands in North *America*, the principal of which was call'd *Bermuda* from a *Spaniard* of that name who firſt diſcover'd them. They are likewiſe called *ſummer* iſlands, from Sir *George Summers*, who in 1609 made that voyage; and viewing them, probably, firſt brought the *Engliſh* acquainted with them, and invited them afterwards to ſettle a plantation there.—But why, *ſtill vext* Bermudas? The ſoil is celebrated for its beauty and fruitfulneſs; and the air is ſo very temperate and ſerene, that people lived there to a great age, and are ſeldom troubled with ſickneſs. But, then, on the other hand, theſe iſlands are ſo ſurrounded with rocks on all ſides, that without a perfect knowledge of the paſſage, a ſmall veſſel cannot be brought to haven. Again, we are told, that they are ſubject to violent ſtorms, ſometimes with terrible clattering of thunder, and diſmal flaſhing of lightning. And beſides, Sir *George Summers*, when he made the diſcovery, was actually ſhipwreck'd on the coaſt. This, I take it, might be a *ſufficient foundation* for our Author's uſing the epithet *ſtill-vext*.

Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing: haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt
Once in a month recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, Sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' ſailors; thou my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thyſelf, was then her ſervant.
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.

Pro.

Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, maſter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſp'riting gently.

Pro. Do ſo: and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?

Pro. Go make thyſelf like to a nymph o' th' ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine: inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.
[*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake.——

Mira. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll viſit *Caliban* my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on——

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What hoa! ſlave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.

(Cal. within) There's wood enough within.

Pro.

Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee.
Come, thou tortoiſe! when? ——

Enter Ariel *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My Lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
And bliſter you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be ſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I muſt eat my dinner.
This iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt firſt,
Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; would'ſt give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o' th' iſle,
The freſh ſprings, brine-pits; barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
Who firſt was mine own King: and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of th' iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs; I have us'd thee,
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd

In

In mine own cell, 'till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. Oh oh, oh oh! —I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This iſle with *Calibans*.
Pro. Abhorred ſlave; (10)
Which any print of goodneſs wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſerv'dly confin'd into this rock,
Who had deſerv'd more than a priſon —
Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wer't beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey; his art is of ſuch pow'r,

(10) Mira. *Abhorred ſlave*;] In all the printed editions this ſpeech is given to *Miranda*: but I am perſuaded, the Author never deſign'd it for her. In the firſt place, 'tis probable, *Proſpero* taught *Caliban* to ſpeak, rather than left that office to his daughter: in the next place, as *Proſpero* was here rating *Caliban*, it would be a great impropriety for her to take the diſcipline out of his hands; and, indeed, in ſome ſort, an indecency in her to reply to what *Caliban* laſt was ſpeaking of. Mr. *Dryden*, I obſerve, in his alteration of this play, has judiciouſly placed this ſpeech to *Proſpero*. I can eaſily gueſs, that the change was firſt deriv'd from the Players, who not loving that any character ſhould ſtand too long ſilent on the ſtage, to obviate that inconvenience with regard to *Miranda*, clap'd this ſpeech *to her part.*

It

It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſal of him.
Pro. So, ſlave, hence! [*Exit* Caliban.

Enter Ferdinand; *and* Ariel *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands
And then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have, and kiſt
The wild waves whiſt;
Foot it featly here and there,
And, ſweet ſprites, the burden bear.
Burden, diſperſedly.
Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.
Ari. Hark, hark, I hear
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Were ſhould this muſick be, in air, or earth?—
It ſounds no more! and, ſure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the King my father's wreck,
This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[*Burden*: ding-dong.

Fer.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond.
Mira. What is't, a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch. This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, I ſee, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it. Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure, the Goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend! vouchſafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this iſland;
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?
Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavn's!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreck't.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer.

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his Lords: the duke of *Milan*,
And his brave ſon, being twain. (11)
Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:——At the firſt ſight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this.) A word, good Sir;
I fear, you've done yourſelf ſome wrong: a word.——
Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er ſaw; the firſt,
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.——
They're both in either's power: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſy make, leſt too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:—thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thyſelf
Upon this iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I'm a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a temple.
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.——
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till

(11) —— *the Duke of* Milan,
And his brave ſon, being twain.] Here ſeems a ſlight forgetfulneſs in our Poet: No body was loſt in this wreck, as is manifeſt from ſeveral paſſages: and yet we have no ſuch character introduc'd in the fable, *as the Duke of Milan*'s ſon.

Mine

Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too raſh a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I ſay,
My ſoot my tutor? put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*; fooliſh wench!
To th' moſt of men this is a *Caliban*.
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me;
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o' th' earth
Let Liberty make uſe of, ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*:) follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [To Ariel.
Mira.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, another part of the Iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *and others.*

GONZALO.

BEſeech you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy! for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs; our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Pry'thee, peace. (12)

Seb.

(12) Alon. *Pr'ythee peace.*] All that follows from hence to this ſpeech of the King's,

You cram theſe words into my ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe,

ſeems to Mr. *Pope* to have been an interpolation by the Players. For my part, tho' I allow the matter of the dialogue to be very poor and trivial, (of which, I am ſorry to ſay, we don't want other inſtances in our Poet;) I cannot be of this Gentleman's opinion, that it is interpolated. For ſhould we take out this intermediate part, what would become of theſe *words of the King?*

——— *Would I had never*
Married my daughter there!

What

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The viſitor will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One: ——Tell,——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, comes to the entertainer ——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my Lord,——

Ant. Fy, what a ſpendthrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.——

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet ——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeems to be deſart——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.——So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible——

Seb. Yet,——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miſs't.

What daughter? and, *where* married? For it is from this intermediate part of the ſcene only, that we are told, the King had a daughter nam'd *Claribel*, whom he had married into *Tunis*. 'Tis true, in a ſubſequent ſcene, betwixt *Antonio* and *Sebaſtian*, we again hear her and *Tunis* mention'd; but in ſuch a manner, that it would be quite obſcure and unintelligible without this previous information. Mr. *Pope*'s criticiſm therefore is injudicious and unweigh'd. Beſides, poor and jejune as the matter of the dialogue is, it was certainly deſigned to be of a ridiculous ſtamp; to divert and unſettle the King's thoughts from reflecting too deeply on his ſon's ſuppos'd drowning.

Adr.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: he does but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit——

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſs and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage?*

Gon. I aſſure you, *Carthage.*

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido.*

Ant. O, widow *Dido!* ay, widow *Dido!*

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too;
Who is ſo far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee.

Fran. Sir, he may live.
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water;
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs,
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an *African*;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd between loathneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We've loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the deareſt o' th' loſs.

Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth, you ſpeak, doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle my Lord—

Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; wealth, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No ſov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
T' excell the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majeſty!

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo!*

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: and ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, *playing ſolemn Muſick.* (13)

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

(13) *Enter* Ariel, *playing*] This marginal direction I have reſtor'd from the old *folio's*; and, ſurely, 'tis very neceſſary, it ſhould be inſerted; as it contains a ſtrain of inchantment, which accounts for *Gonzalo, Alonzo*, &c. ſo ſuddenly dropping aſleep.

Ant.

Ant. Go, ſleep, and hear us.

Alon. What all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh, mine eyes would with themſelves ſhut up my thoughts: I find, they are inclin'd to ſo do.

Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my Lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy.——
All ſleep but Seb. *and* Ant.

Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.

Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebaſtian.*——O, what might——no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?

Seb. I do? and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep: what is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian,*
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep: die rather: wink'ſt,
Whilſt thou art waking.

Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.

Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom. You

Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er. (14)
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it; how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it: ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear or ſloth.
Seb. Pry'thee, ſay on;
The ſetting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd;) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King, his ſon's alive;
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.

(14) Trebles *thee o'er.*] i. e. makes thee *thrice* what thou now art. Thus the two firſt *folio's*, and all the other impreſſions of any authority, that I have ſeen, exhibit the text: and the phraſe is familiar both to our Poet, and other Stage-writers of his time.
Merchant of Venice. Act 3. Sc. 2.

——— yet for you
I would be *trebled* twenty times myſelf,

K. *Richard* III. Act 5. Sc. 3.

Why, our battalion *trebles* that account.

So, *Pericles*, Prince of *Tyre*;

The boatſwain whiſtles, and the maſter calls,
And *trebles* their confuſion.

And ſo, *Marſton* in his *Sophonisba*;

Think, ev'ry honour, that doth grace thy ſword,
Trebles my love.

Troubles *thee o'er*——is a fooliſh reading, which, I believe, firſt got birth in Mr. *Pope*'s two editions of our Poet; and, I dare ſay, will lie *buried there* in a proper obſcurity.

Seb

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*, ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i' th' moon's too ſlow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom (15)
We were ſea-ſwallow'd; tho' ſome, caſt again,
May by that deſtiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my diſcharge ———
Seb. What ſtuff is this? how ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribel*
Meaſure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that ſleeps; Lords that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myſelf could make

(15) ——— *She*, for *whom*
We were ſea-ſwallow'd;] Thus Mr. *Pope*, with as little reaſon, as authority. All the copies, that I have ſeen, read---from *whom*, &c. And why not *from*? Were they not ſhipwreck'd, as is evident above, in their return from her?

——— Would I had never
Married my daughter there! *for coming* thence, &c.

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a ſleep were this
For your advancement! do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſpero.*
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience. ——
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and *Milan,*
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they moleſt!
Here lies your brother ———
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This ancient morſel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs, that,
We ſay, befits the hour.
Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'ſt *Milan,*
I'll come by *Naples.* Draw thy ſword; one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the King ſhall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*
Seb. O, but one word ——

Enter

Enter Ariel, *with Muſick and Song.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *ear.*
While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.
Gon. Now, good angels preſerve the King! [*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you,
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake: ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this?
Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.
Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' th' iſland.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Proſpero my Lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another part of the Iſland.

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood; a noiſe of thunder heard.*

Cal. ALL the infections, that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! his ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpi'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, (16) looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder as it did before, I know

(16) *Looks like a foul* bumbard] This term again occurs in the Firſt Part of *Henry* IV.—that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge *bumbard* of ſack—and again in *Henry* VIII. And here you lie baiting of *bumbards*, when ye ſhould do ſervice. By theſe ſeveral paſſages, 'tis plain, the word meant in thoſe days a large veſſel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance ſo call'd. And, I think, at *Oxford* they now make uſe of a vehicle, which is term'd a *gun* of *ale*. *Ben Johnſon*, our Author's contemporary, likewiſe employs this word *bumbard* in this ſenſe. The poor cattle yonder are paſſing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer, *&c.* See his *Maſque of Augures*. And, in his tranſlation of *Horace's* Art of Poetry, he renders

Projicit ampullas, *&* ſeſquipedalia *verba*,

in this manner; ——— muſt throw by
Their *bumbard* phraſe, and foot and half-foot words.

not

not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls—What have we here, a man or a fiſh! dead or alive? a fiſh? he ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell. A kind of, not of the neweſt, *Poor John*: a ſtrange fiſh! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fiſh painted, not an holy-day-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver. There would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fiſh, but an iſlander that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again. My beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabouts; miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows: I will here ſhroud, 'till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano, *ſinging*.

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I die a ſhore.* This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marrian*, and *Margery*,
But none of us car'd for *Kate*;
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her, where-e'er ſhe did itch.
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with ſavages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four *legs*; *for it* hath been ſaid, as proper a man,

as

as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breathes at his noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me, oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the iſle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt, anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be—but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils; O! defend me,—

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! (17) his forward voice now is to ſpeak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will

(17) *His* forward voice *now is to ſpeak* well *of his friend.* The facetious Author of *Hudibras* ſeems to have had this paſſage in eye, in one part of his deſcription of *Fame.*

Two trumpets ſhe doth ſound at once,
But both of clean *contrary* tones,
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one *before*, and one *behind*,
We know not; only this can tell;
The one ſounds vilely, th' other *well.*

recover

recover him, I will help his ague: come! *Amen!* I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou be'ſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculos!*

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano?* I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: and art thou living, *Stephano!* O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* 'ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights; that's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didſt thou ſcape? how cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then, how eſcaped'ſt thou.

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou canſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' *ſea-ſide, where my* wine is hid. How now, moon-*calf, how does thine* ague?

Cal.

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter: (18) I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter: the man i' th' moon?— a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' th' iſle, and I will kiſs thy foot: I pry'thee, be my god.

Trin. By this light; a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot. I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him —

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. —But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries,
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

(18) *I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter!* ——]. It is to be obſerv'd, *Trinculo* is not charged with any fear of *Caliban*; and therefore this ſeems to come in abruptly; but in this conſiſts the true humour. His own conſciouſneſs, that he had been terribly afraid of him, after the fright was over, drew out this brag. This ſeems to be one of *Shakeſpeare*'s fine touches of nature: for that *Trinculo* had been horribly frighten'd at the monſter, and ſhook with fear of him while he lay under his gaberdine, is plain, from what *Caliban* ſays while he is lying there? Thou doſt me yet but little harm; thou *wilt anon, I* know by thy *trembling*.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
(19) Young ſhamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our Company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new maſter, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

(19) *Young* ſcamels *from the rock.*] I can no where elſe meet with ſuch a word as *ſcamel*, which has poſſeſs'd all the editions. *Shakeſpeare* muſt certainly either have wrote *ſhamois* (as Mr. *Warburton* and I have both conjectur'd) i. e. young kids: or *ſea-malls*. The *ſea-mall*, or *ſea-mell*, or *ſea-mew* (according to *Willoughby*,) is that bird, which is call'd *larus cinereus minor*; it feeds upon fiſh, and frequents the banks of lakes. It is not impoſſible, but our Poet might here intend this bird. Or, again, (and which comes near to *ſcamel*, in the traces of the letters.) *Ray* tells us of another bird, called the *ſtannel*, the ſame with the *tinnunculus* among the *Latins*, and κεγχρὶς amongſt the *Greeks*: of the *hawk* ſpecies. It is no matter which of the three readings we embrace, ſo we take a word ſignifying the name of ſomething in nature.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, before *Proſpero*'s Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND.

THere be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compoſed of harſhneſs. I muſt move
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps, when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;
But theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſy-leſs, when I do it (20)

Enter Miranda; *and* Proſpero, *at a diſtance, unſeen.*

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, ſet it down and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt yourſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

(20) Leaſt buſy *when I do it.*] This reading, I preſume, to be Mr. *Pope*'s; for I do not find it authoriz'd by the copies: The two firſt *folio*'s read;

Moſt buſy leaſt, when I do it.

'Tis true, this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is ſo very little removed from the truth of the text, that I can't afford to think well *of my own* ſagacity for having diſcover'd it.

Fer-

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet, before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.
Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature,
I 'ad rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your Name?
Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt to ſay ſo.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! full many a Lady
I've ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſev'ral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.
Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no womans face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And *my dear father; how* features are abroad,

I'm

I'm ſkilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides yourſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I
Beyond all limit of what elſe i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! heav'ns rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer,
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide itſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira.

Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand, thousand. [*Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. *Exit.*

SCENE changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo.

Ste. TELL not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, servant monster (21); drink to me.

(21) *Servant-monster.*] The part of *Caliban* has been esteem'd a signal instance of the copiousness of *Shakespeare*'s invention; and that he had shewn an extent of genius, in creating a person which was not in nature. And for this, as well as his other *magical* and *ideal* characters, a just admiration has been paid him. I can't help taking notice, on this occasion, of the virulence of *Ben Johnson*, who, in the induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, has endeavour'd to throw dirt, not only at this single character, but at this whole play. "If "there be never a *servant monster* in the *fair*, who can help it, (he "says,) nor a nest of *antickes*? He is loth to make nature afraid in "his plays, like those that beget *tales*, *tempests*, and such like *drolle-*"*ries*, to mix his head with other men's heels." *Shakespeare*, as the tradition runs, was the person who first brought *Johnson* upon the stage; and this is the stab we find given in requital for such a service, when his benefactor was retreated from the scene. A circumstance, that strangely aggravates the ingratitude. But this surly sauciness was familiar with *Ben*; when the publick were ever out of humour at his performances, he would revenge it on them, by being out of humour with those pieces which had best pleas'd them. — I'll only add, that his *conduct* in this was very contradictory to his cooler *professions*, "that if men would impartially look towards the offices and "functions of a Poet, they would easily conclude to themselves the "*impossibility of any man's being the good Poet*, without first being a "*good man.*"

Trin.

Trin. Servant monſter! the folly of this iſland! they ſay, there's but five upon this iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lye like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable; why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lye, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to harken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariel *inviſible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant, a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the iſland.

Ari-

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee;
I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dare not.—)

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt? can'ſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee aſleep, Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou ſcurvy patch! I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows, And take his bottle from him; when that's gone, He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'll not ſhew him Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger; interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take you that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lye; out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack and drinking do. A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, ſtand further off.

Cal.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' th' afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knive. Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and ſhe:
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes *Sycorax*,
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, Lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our graces: and *Trinculo* and thyſelf ſhall be Vice-roys. Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: come on, *Trinculo*, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free. Cal.

Cal. That's not the tune,
[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of nobody.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs; if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow. I would I could ſee this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another part of the Iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. BY'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who

Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t' effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they're freſh.
Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Proſpero *on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the king,* &c. *to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven; what were theſe?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders:
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any.

Pro.

Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe, in departing.——
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They've left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Will't pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh, or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us (22)
Good warrant of.

Alon.

(22) *Each putter out* of *five for one*——] By the variation of a ſingle letter, I think, I have ſet the text right; and will therefore now proceed to explain it. I freely confeſs, that I once underſtood this paſſage thus; that every *five* travellers (or *putters out*) did bring authentic confirmation of theſe ſtories, for *one* that pretended to diſpute the truth of them: but communicating my ſenſe of the place to two ingenious friends I found, I was not at the bottom of the meaning. Mr. *Warburton* obſerv'd to me, that this was a fine piece of conceal'd ſatire on the voyagers of that time, who had juſt diſcover'd a new world; and, as was very natural, grew moſt extravagant in diſplaying the wonders of it. That, particularly, by *each putter out of five for one*, was meant the adventurers in the diſcovery of the *Weſt Indies*, who had for the money they advanc'd and contributed, 20 *per cent.*——Dr. *Thirlby* did not a little aſſiſt this explanation by his concurrence, and by inſtructing me, that it was uſual in thoſe times for travellers to put out money, to receive a greater ſum if they liv'd to return; and, for proof, he referr'd me to *Moriſon*'s Itinerary, part I. *p.* 198, *&c.* I cannot return my friends better thanks for the light they have given me upon this paſſage, than by ſubjoining a teſtimony from a contemporary poet, that will put both their explanation, and my correction of the text, paſt diſpute.

B. Johnſon's *Every Man* out *of* his *Humour*, in the character of *Puntarvolo*.

Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my Lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a queint device the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this iſland (23)
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad:
And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements,
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters

I do intend, this year, of Jubilee *coming on, to travel: And (becauſe I will not altogether go upon expence,) I am determined to put forth ſo e five thouſand pound, to be paid me* five *for* one, *upon the return of myſelf, my wife, and my dog, from the* Turk's *Court in* Conſtantinople. *If all, or either of us miſcarry in the journey, 'tis gone; if we be ſucceſsful, why, there will be* five *and* twenty *thouſand pounds to entertain time withal.*

If this was to be the return of the *Knight*'s venture; 'tis obvious, he put out his money *on five for one.* *Ben* to heighten the ridicule of theſe projecting voyagers, makes *Puntarvolo*'s wife averſe to accompany him; and ſo he is forc'd to put out his venture on the return of himſelf, his dog, and his cat ——Let me conclude with obſerving on the different conduct of the two poets. *Shakeſpeare* (perhaps, out of a part cular deference for Sir *W. Raleigh*) only ſneers at theſe adventurous voyagers obliquely, and, as it were, *en paſſant:* The ſurly *Ben*, who would be tied up by no ſuch ſcrupulous regards, dreſſes up the faſhion in the moſt glaring colours of *comic humour*; or, rather, brings down his ſatire to the level of *farcical ridicule.*

(23) *Hath caus'd to belch* you *up*;] Thus, the whole ſet of editions; but 'tis obvious to every reader, that the Grammar's faulty; and *therefore* I have cur'd it by throwing out you.

Ari.

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſy for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From Milan did ſupplant good *Proſpero*:
Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worſe than any death
Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this moſt deſolate Iſle elſe falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but hearts ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then to ſoft muſic enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring;
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions; they are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit* Proſpero *from above.*

Gon. I' th' name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methoughts, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my treſpaſs.
Therefore, my ſon i' th' ooze is bedded; and

I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſy
May now provoke them too.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Proſpero's* Cell.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life; (24)

Or

(24) ——— *for I*
Have giv'n you here a third *of my own life,*] Thus all the impreſſions in general; but why is ſhe only a *third* of his own life? He had no wife living, nor any other child, to rob her of a ſhare in his affection: So that we may reckon her at leaſt *half* of himſelf. Nor could he intend, that he lov'd himſelf twice as much as he did her; for he immediately ſubjoins, that it was *She for whom he liv'd.* In *Othello*, when *Iago* alarms the Senator with the loſs of his daughter, he tells him,

Your heart is burſt, you have loſt *half* your ſoul.

And *dimidium animæ meæ* is the current language on ſuch occaſions. There is no room for doubt, but I have reſtor'd to the Poet his true reading; and the *thread of life* is a phraſe moſt frequent with him. So in K. *Henry* V.

And let not *Bardolfe*'s vital *thread* be cut
With edge of penny cord.

Henry VI. ——— had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.

2. Henry

Or that, for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift; O *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus'* ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel*—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

2. *Henry* VI. *Argo*, their *thread of life* is ſpun.
Othello———I'm, glad, thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, Come and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou doſt here me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good-night, your vow! — —

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come, my *Ariel*; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly.— —
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*To* Ferdinand.

[*Soft Muſic.*

A MASQUE. *Enter* Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous Lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims, [groves,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy broom-
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,

Being

g laſs-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky hard,
re thou thyſelf do'ſt air; the Queen o' th' ſky,
ſe wat'ry arch and meſſenger am I,
thee leave theſe; and with her ſov'reign grace,
: on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
:ome and ſport; her peacocks fly amain:
roach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain,

Enter Ceres.

r. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
ſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter:*
), with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
uſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
with each end of thy blue bow do'ſt crown
boſky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
1 ſcarf to my proud earth; who hath thy Queen
mon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs green?
is. A contract of true love to celebrate,
ſome donation freely to eſtate
he bleſs'd lovers.
er. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
nus or her ſon, as thou do'ſt know,
now attend the Queen: ſince they did plot
means, that duſky *Dis* my daughter got;
and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
ve forſworn.
is. Of her ſociety
ot afraid; I met her deity
ing the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her ſon
e-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
e wanton charm upon this man and maid,
)ſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
l *Hymen*'s torch be lighted; but in vain
s's hot minion is return'd again;
waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows;
ars, he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
l be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of ſtate,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

Juno *deſcends and enters.*

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage bleſſing,
Long continuance and encreaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you:
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you:
Cer. Earth's increaſe, and foyſon-plenty, (25)
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring comes to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt:
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres's bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact (26)
My preſent fancies.

Fer.

(25) *Earth's Increaſe.*] All the editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole ſonnet to *Juno*: but very abſurdly, in my opinion. I believe, every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical hiſtory, and the diſtinct offices of theſe two goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our Author's lines, will agree with me, that *Ceres*'s name ought to have been placed where I have now prefix'd it.

(26) I *have from* all *their confines*] This *all* is obtruded upon us by the nice ears of our modern editors, who were for helping the verſe, upon a ſuppoſition that the accent in *confines* muſt needs be upon the firſt ſyllable. But the practice of our Poet is againſt them; and therefore I have reſtor'd him to his own reading.
See *As you like it.* Act 2. Sc. 1.

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools;
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their own *confines*,

K. John.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do; huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on employment.*

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this greenland
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

K. *John.* Act 4.
This kingdom, this *confine* of blood and breath,
And *Hamlet.* Act 1. Sc. 1.
Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hyes
To his *confine.*
And in his poem entitled, In *Praiſe* of his *Love.*
In whoſe *confine* immured is the ſtore,
Which ſhould example where your equal grew.
And, again, in his poem call'd A *Lover*'s *Complaint.*
O moſt potential love I vow, bond, nor ſpace,
In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor *confine:*
And in his Amorous Epiſtle of *Paris* to *Helen.*
Shipping myſelf from the *Sigæan* ſhore,
Whence unto theſe *confines* my courſe I bore.
And, I believe, in every other paſſage throughout his works, where he has uſed this word, the accent is conſtantly on the laſt ſyllable.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Proſpero ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh heavily.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.
Fer. This is ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! we are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep. — Sir, I am vext; (27)

Bear

(27) ——— *Sir, I am vext;*
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:] There is the appearance of ſomething very extraordinary, in this great emotion of anger ſo diſcoverable in the behaviour of *Proſpero*, on the ſudden recollection of *Caliban*'s plot: And the admirable reflection, which he makes, upon the inſignificancy of human things, fully ſhews it: for thinking men are never under greater oppreſſion of mind, than when they make ſuch kind of reflections. And yet, if we turn to the cauſe of this diſturbance, there is nothing that one could imagine, at firſt view, could occaſion it: the plot of a contemptible *ſavage*, and two drunken ſailors, whom he had abſolutely in his power! It could be no apprehenſion of danger then, that could cauſe it. But, reflecting more attentively, we ſhall find, (agreeably to our Poet's wonderful knowledge of nature,) there was ſomething in the caſe, with which *great minds* are moſt deeply affected; and that is, the reſentment of ingratitude.

Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturbed with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace. [*Exe.* Fer. *and* Mir.

Pro. Come with a thought;—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

Proſpero *comes forward from the Cell*; *enter* Ariel *to him.*

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I preſented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſic; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them

ingratitude. He recall'd to his mind the obligations this *Caliban* lay under for the inſtructions he had receiv'd from him, and the conveniences of life he had taught him to uſe. But theſe reflections of *Caliban*'s ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his brother's: and then theſe two, working together, were very capable of producing all the diſorder of paſſion here repreſented. That theſe two, who had receiv'd at his hands the two beſt gifts that mortals are capable of, when rightly apply'd, *regal power* and the *uſe of reaſon*; that theſe, in return, ſhould conſpire againſt the life of the donor, would certainly afflict a generous mind to its utmoſt bearing. As theſe reflections do ſo much honour to that ſurpriſing knowledge of human nature, which is ſo apparently our Author's maſterpiece, it cannot, ſure, be thought unneceſſary to ſet them in a proper light. Mr. *Warburton*.

I' th'

I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy ſhape invifible retain thou ſtill;
The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[Proſpero *remains invifible.*

Enter Ariel *loaded with gliſtering apparel,* &c. *Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs, at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you —

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmleſs *Fairy*, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief, which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Stephano!* Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery;——O, King *Stephano!*

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it.

Cal. The dropſy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our ſkins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line; now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jeſt, here's a garment for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: ſteal by line and level, is an excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't; we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe

A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.* Calib. Steph. *and* Trinc. *driven out, roaring.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey.
Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver*.
Pro. Fury, Fury; there, *Tyrant*, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, before the Cell.

Enter Proſpero *in his magick robes, and* Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my Lord,
You ſaid, our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt; ſay, my ſpirit,
How fares the King and's followers?
Ari. Confin'd
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them, all your priſoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till you releaſe. The King,

His

His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old Lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art? (28)
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole driſt of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further; go, releaſe them, *Ariel*;
My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Yeelves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves,
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs feet
Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,

(28) Paſſion'd *as they*,) Thus Mr. *Pope* in both his editions. But all the authentick copies read;

Paſſion as they——

i. e. feel the force of paſſion; am mov'd with it. So again *Julia*, in the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona;

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne paſſioning*
For *Theſeus'* perjury, and unjuſt flight.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*, he makes a verb of *paſſionate*, ſignifying, to expreſs the paſſion, the diſtreſs of, &c.

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot *paſſionate* our tenfold grief
With folded arms.

And in his poem call'd, *Venus* and *Adonis*, our Author uſes *paſſion* as a verb, meaning to grieve;

Dumbly ſhe *paſſions*, frantickly ſhe doateth.

When

When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And, 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command (29)
Have wak'd their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art. But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly muſick, which even now I do,
(To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm is for;) I'll break my ſtaff;
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
And, deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn muſick.*

Here enters Ariel *before; then* Alonſo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains

(29) —— Graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers;] As odd, as this expreſſion is, of *graves waking their dead*, inſtead of, the dead waking in their graves, I believe, it may be juſtified by the uſage of Poets. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Bonduca*, ſpeaking of the power of Fame, make it wake graves,

Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and ſleep is,
Informs again the dead bones.

And *Virgil*, ſpeaking of *Rome* as a city, ſays, it ſurrounded its ſeven hills with a wall.

Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma,
Septemque una ſibi muro circumdedit *arces.*

Now

Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy ſkull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt. ——
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n ſociable to th' ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops. —— The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon. O my good *Gonzalo*,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. —— Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonſo*, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian*, fleſh and blood. (30)
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me. —— *Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
[*Exit* Ariel, *and returns immediately.*
As I was ſometime *Milan*: quickly, ſpirit;
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

(30) *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now*, Sebaſtian. *Fleſh and blood,*] I by no means think, this was our Author's pointing; or that it gives us his meaning. He would ſay, that *Sebaſtian* now was pinch'd thro' and thro' for his treſpaſs; felt the puniſhment of it all over his body; a like manner of expreſſion we meet with in King *Lear*;

—— wipe thine eye;
The good-jers ſhall devour them, *fleſh and fell*,
E'er they ſhall make us weep.

And ſo our CHAUCER, in the firſt book of his *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

—— that he and all his kinne at ones
Were worthy to be brent, both *fell and bones*.

Ariel

Ariel ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I; (31)
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſunſet, merrily. (32)
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro.

(31) *Where the bee ſucks, there* ſuck *I;*] I have ventur'd to vary from the printed copies here. Could *Ariel*, a ſpirit of a refin'd æthereal eſſence, be intended to want food? Beſides the ſequent lines rather countenance *lurk*.

(32) *After* ſummer *merrily*] Why, *after* ſummer? Unleſs we muſt ſuppoſe our Author alluded to that miſtaken notion of *bats, ſwallows, &c.* croſſing the ſeas in purſuit of hot weather. I conjectured, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, that ſunſet was our Author's word; And this conjecture Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt edition, thinks probably ſhould be eſpouſed. My reaſons for the change were from the known nature of the *bat*. The *houp* ſleeps during the winter, ſay the Naturaliſts; and ſo does the bat too. *(Upupa dormit hyeme, ſicut* & veſpertilio. Albert. Magn.) Again, flies and gnats are the favourite food of the bat, which he procures by flying about in the night, *(Cibus ejus ſunt* muſcæ & culices: *quem nocte volans inquirit.* Idem, e Plinio.) But this is a diet, which, I preſume, he can only come at in the ſummer ſeaſon. Another obſervation has been made, that when bats fly either earlier, or in greater number than uſual, it is a ſign the next day will be *hot* and *ſerene*. (Veſpertiliones, *ſi veſperi citius & plures ſolito volarint, ſignum eſt calorem & ſerenitatem poſtridie fore.* Gratarolus *apud* Geſner *de avibus.)* This prognoſtick likewiſe only ſuits with ſummer. Again, the *bat* was call'd *veſpertilio* by the *Latins*, as it was νυκτερις by the *Greeks*, becauſe this bird is not viſible by day; but appears firſt about the twilight of the evening, and ſo continues to fly during the dark hours. And the Poets, whenever they mention this bird, do it without any alluſion to the ſeaſon of the year; but conſtantly have an eye to the accuſtom'd hour of its flight. In the ſecond act of this play, where *Gonzalo* tells *Anthonio* and *Sebaſtian*, that they would lift the moon out of her ſphere, *Sebaſtian* replies;

We would ſo, and then go a *bat-fowling*.

So, in *Macbeth*, when the approach of the night is deſcrib'd, in which *Banquo* was to be murder'd,

—— Ere the *bat* hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight; ere to black *Hecat*'s ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſy hums
Hath rung *night*'s yawning peal.

And

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo.
To the King's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. B'eſt thou he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me; this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory:
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.

Pro. You do yet taſte,
Some ſubleties o' th' iſle, that will not let you

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Paſſionate Madman*;

Fountain-heads, and pathleſs groves,
Places, which pale paſſion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, ſave *bats* and owls.

Believe

Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him.

Pro. No: ———

For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alon. If thou be'ſt *Proſpero*,
Gives us particulars of thy preſervation,
How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreckt upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs, and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſov'reign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs!

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wiſh,
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe Lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howſoe'er you have

Been

Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am *Proſp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom ſince you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE opens to the entrance of the Cell.

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at Cheſs.*

Mira. SWEET Lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curſed them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [Ferd. *kneels.*
Of a glad father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:

Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, ſhe's mine.
I choſe her, when I could not aſk my father
For his advice: nor thought, I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before! of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs!
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you G
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I ſay, *Amen*, *Gonzalo!*
Gon. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples!* O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
In gold on laſting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her huſband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinad*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his Dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
Gon. Be't ſo, *Amen!*

Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amaz following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown. Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? what is the news?
Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our King and company; the next, our ſhip,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.
Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey ſpirit!
Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead a-ſleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with ſtrange and ſev'ral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld (33)
Our royal, good and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou ſhall be free.
Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod,

(33) *Where we,* in all *our* trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip;——] What was *their* trim, would the Editors have us conceive? The fright that they had been put into, by the diverſity of noiſes? But, as Dr. *Thirlby* rightly obſerv'd to me, the trim is to be underſtood of the ſhip, and not of the crew. And this very expreſſion occurs again in the *Comedy* of *Errors*;

The ſhip is in her *trim*; the merry wind
Blows fair from land, *&c.*

And MILTON has likewiſe copied the expreſſion;

——Behold a ſtately ſhip,
Proud of *her* gawdy trim, comes this way ſailing,
With all her bravery on.

And

And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs: at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) ſingle I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monſter, *Coragio!*
Trin. If theſe be true ſpies, which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid,
He will chaſtiſe me:
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio!*
Will money buy'em?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay, if they be true: this miſ-ſhap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal.

Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where ſhould they Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded them? (34) How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano?*

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' iſle, Sirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſs, and your train,

(34) *Find this grand liquor.*] I certainly think, *Shakeſpeare* wrote *'lixir* here; alluding to the grand *elixir* of which the Chemiſts of that age told ſuch wonders, that it would renew youth, purchaſe immortality, &c. and it being, as they pretended, a preparation of *gold*, they call'd it alſo, *aurum potabile:* hence, 'tis probable, *Shakeſpeare* ſays, *gilded*; and to this, without doubt, he again alludes in his *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*;

How much art thou unlike *Mark Anthony?*
Yet coming from him, that great *med'cine* hath
With his tinct *gilded* thee.

But, in the paſſage before us, it ſeems his deſign to joke upon the Rodomontado boaſts of their *elixir*, and to inſinuate, that *ſack* was the only reſtorer of youth, and beſtower of immortality.

Mr. *Warburton.*

To my poor cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away; the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear-beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Pleaſe you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to *Naples*. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell:
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. For now I want
Spirits t'enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is deſpair, (35)
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be
Let your indulgence ſet me free.

(35) *And my ending is* Deſpair,] The alluſion is very well kept up in this *Epilogue*. And the actor here is not only applying to the audience for favour, in behalf of the Author; but *Proſpero* ſpeaks in the character of a *Magician*; and ſo (as Mr. *Warburton* hinted to me) alludes to the old ſtories told of the *Necromancers*' deſpair in their laſt moments, and the prayers of their friends for them.

H Gravelot in Vol: 1 P: 71. G.V.dr Gucht sculp.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT's DREAM.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to the Duke.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Taylor.*

Hippolita, *Princeſs of the* Amazons, *betroth'd to* Theſeus.
Hermia, *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, Thiſbe, Wall, Moonſhine, Lyon, } *Characters in the* Interlude *perform'd by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; *and a Wood not far from it.*

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE, the Duke's Palace in *Athens*.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, *with Attendants*.

THESEUS.

NOW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow
New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [Exit. Phi.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke!
The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble Lord,
This Man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander.—And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And ſtol'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſy,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs: And, my gracious Duke,
Be't ſo, ſhe will not here before your Grace
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*;
I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you, *Hermia?* be adviſed, fair maid.
To you your father ſhould be as a God,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.

The.

e. In himſelf he is;
ı this kind, wanting your father's voice;
)ther muſt be held the worthier.
r. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.
e. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.
r. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
w not, by what pow'r I am made bold;
ıow it may concern my modeſty,
:h a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
vorſt, that may befal me in this caſe,
fuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
:. Either to die the death, or to abjure
ver the ſociety of men.
:fore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires;
r of your youth, examine well your blood,
her, if you yield not to your father's choice,
:an endure the livery of a nun;
ye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
ve a barren ſiſter all your life,
ting faint hymns to the cold, fruitleſs, moon.
:e bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
ıdergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
ırthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
s, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.
. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my Lord,
will yield my virgin patent up
his Lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoak
ıul conſents not to give ſov'reignty.
. Take time to pauſe; and by the next new moon,
ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
'erlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
that day either prepare to die,
ıfobedience to your father's will;
e to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;
Diana's altar to proteſt,
/e, auſterity and ſingle life.
r. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*; and, *Lyſander*, yield
razed title to my certain right.

Lyſ. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful *Lyſander!* true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. I am, my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more than his:
My fortune's ev'ry way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius:*
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia.*
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*;
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet Lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t'have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But, *Demetrius*, come;
And come, *Egeus*; you ſhall go with me;
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm yourſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns yourſelves.
Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you. [*Exeunt*
Manent Lyſander *and* Hermia.
Lyſ. How now, my love? why is your cheek ſo pa
How chance, the roſes there do fade ſo faſt!
Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could w
Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.

y. *Hermia*, for aught that ever I could read,
ld ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
either, it was different in blood——
er. O croſs! - too high, to be enthrall'd to low!—(1)
y. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years——
er. O ſpight! too old, to be engag'd to young!
y. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends——
er. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!
y. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
cing it momentary as a ſound,
ft as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
f as the lightening in the collied night,
t (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
l ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;
uick bright things come to confuſion.——
er. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,

) *Too high, to be enthrall'd to* love.] This reading poſſeſſes all the
ons, but carries no juſt meaning in it. Nor was *Hermia* diſpleas'd
ing in love; but regrets the inconveniences, that generally at-
the paſſion: Either, the parties are diſproportioned, in degree
lood and quality; or unequal, in reſpect of years; or brought
ther by the appointment of friends, and not by their own choice.
ſe are the complaints repreſented by *Lyſander*; and *Hermia*, to
er to the firſt, as ſhe has done to the other two, muſt neceſſarily

O croſs! —— *too high, to be enthrall'd to* low!
be *antitheſis* is kept up in the terms; and ſo ſhe is made to con-
the diſproportion of blood and quality in lovers. And this is
of the curſes, that *Venus*, on ſeeing *Adonis* dead, propheſies ſhall
ys attend love, in our Author's poem, call'd, VENUS and
ONIS. Stanz. 190.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I propheſy,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy;
Find ſweet beginning, but unſav'ry end:
Ne'er *ſettled equally*, to *high*, or *low*;
That all love's pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.

ſo the young Prince complains, in the *Winter's Tale*:

Leon. ——You are married?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be:
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the vallies firſt:
The odds for high and *low's* alike.

It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience:
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, *Hermia.*
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me then,
Steal forth thy father's houſe to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do obſervance to the morn of *May*,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that, which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman ſpoke;
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeeds fair *Helena!* whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay.
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching; oh, were favour ſo!
Your words I'd catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;

My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill!

Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my prayers could ſuch affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and myſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?

Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs;
(A time, that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds, were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet; (2)
There, my *Lyſander* and myſelf ſhall meet;

And

(2) *Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſwell'd;*
There my Lyſander *and myſelf ſhall meet,*
And thence from Athens *turn away our eyes,*
To ſeek new friends, and ſtrange companions.]

This whole ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme; and that it deviates in theſe two couplets, I am perſuaded, is owing to the ignorance of the firſt, and the inaccuracy of the later, Editors; I have therefore ventur'd to reſtore the rhymes, as I make no doubt but the Poet firſt gave them. *Sweet* was eaſily corrupted into *ſwell'd*, becauſe that made an antitheſis to *emptying*: and *ſtrange companions* our Editors thought was plain

English;

And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new friends and ſtranger companies.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*
Keep word, *Lyſander*; we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* Hermia.

Lyſ. I will, my *Hermia*.—— *Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit* Lyſand.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er otherſome, can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know; what all, but he, do know,
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte.
And therefore is love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.

Engliſh; but *ſtranger companies*, a little quaint and uninatelligible. It may be neceſſary, in proof of my emendation, to ſhew, that our Author elſewhere uſes the *ſubſtantive* ſtranger *adjectively*; and *companies*, to ſignify *companions*.

King *John*. Act. 5.
Wherein we ſtep after a *ſtranger* march
Upon her gentle boſom.

Rich. II. Act. 1.
But tread the *ſtranger* paths of baniſhment.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* have uſed it in the like manner; *Spaniſh Curate*, Act. 3.
To bring into my family, to ſucceed me,
The *ſtranger* iſſue of another's bed.

2 *Henry* V. Act. 1.
Since his addiction was to courſes vain,
His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow.

And ſo, in a parallel word, *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act. 3.
My riots paſt, my wild *ſociaties*.

As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutcheſs, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aſk ſome tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes;

eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt;—yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in: To make all ſplit—(3) "the raging rocks, "and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon-"gates—and *Phibbus* carr ſhall ſhine from far, and "make and mar the fooliſh fates"—This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles*' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thiſby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thiſby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſk; and you may ſpeak as ſmall, as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, *Thiſne*, *Thiſne*; ah, *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thiſby* dear, and Lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thiſby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, the taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you muſt play *Thiſby*'s mother. (4)

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

(3) *The raging rocks.*

And ſhivering ſhocks, &c.] I preſume this to be either a quotation from ſome fuſtian old play, which I have not been able to trace; or if not a direct quotation, a ridicule on ſome bombaſt rants, very near reſembling it.

(4) — *you muſt play* Thiſby's *mother.*] There ſeems a double forgetfulneſs of our Poet, in relation to the characters of this Interlude. The father and mother of *Thiſbe*, and the father of *Pyramus*, are here mentioned, who do not appear at all in the Interlude: but *Wall* and *Moonſhine* are both employ'd in it, of whom there is not the leaſt notice taken here.

Snowt.

owt. Here, *Peter Quince*.

uin. You, *Pyramus*'s father; myſelf, *Thiſby*'s fa-
; *Snug*, the joiner; you, the lion's part; I hope,
: is a play fitted.

ug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you,
be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

uin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but
ng.

t. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I
do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar,
I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let
roar again.

uin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would
t the Ducheſs and the Ladies, that they would
k, and that were enough to hang us all.

l. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

t. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the
es out of their wits, they would have no more diſ-
on but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice
hat I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove;
l roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

uin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus*
ſweet faced man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee
ummer's-day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man:
fore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

t. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I
o play it in?

uin. Why, what you will.

t. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour
l, your orange-tawny-beard, your purple-in-grain
l, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard; your per-
ellow.

uin. (5) Some of your *French* crowns have no hair
, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters,
are your parts; and I am to intreat you, requeſt
and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow-night;
meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the

Some of your French *crowns have no hair at all.*] See the third
n *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which explains this dark paſſage.

town,

town, by moon-light, there we will rehearſe; for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-ſtrings.— [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, A Wood.

Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck *(or* Robin-good-fellow) *at another.*

PUCK.

HOW now, ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be,
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be rubies, fairy-favours:
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed, the Queen come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath

A lovely

A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an *Indian* king:
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild;
But ſhe per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers; and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do ſquare, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd, and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villageree,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife chern;
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Miſ-lead night wand'rers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile.
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſips's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale,
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And taylor cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But make room, fairy, here comes *Oberon.*

Fai. And here my miſtreſs: would, that he were gone!

Enter

Enter Oberon *King of* Fairies *at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by moon-light, proud *Titania.*

Queen. What jealous *Oberon?* fairies, ſkip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Queen. Then I muſt be thy Lady; but I know,
When thou ha'ſt ſtol'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To am'rous *Phillida.* Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India!*
But that, forſooth, the bouncing *Amazon,*
Your buſkin'd miſtreſs and your warrior love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania,*
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita;*
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theſeus?*
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Perigune,* whom he raviſhed; (6)
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne,* and *Antiopa?*

Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſy:
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,

(6) *From* Perigenia, *whom he raviſh'd:*] Thus all the Editors either not knowing, or not attending to, the hiſtory of this Lady, have falſely call'd her: but our Author, who diligently perus'd *Plutarch,* and glean'd from him, where his ſubject would admit, knew, from the life of *Theſeus,* that her name was *Perigyne*; (or *Perigune*) by whom *Theſeus* had his ſon *Melanippus.* She was the daughter of *Sinnis* a cruel robber, and tormentor of paſſengers in the Iſthmus. *Plutarch* and *Athenæus* are both expreſs in the circumſtance of *Theſeus* raviſhing her: and the former of them adds (as *Diod. Siculus, Apollodorus* and *Pauſanias,* likewiſe tell us;) that he killed her father into the bargain. I corrected this miſtake of the name in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſafed to correct from me in his laſt edition.

Or

Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport,
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable,
The human mortals want their winter here, (7)

No

(7)——*want their winter* here.] The concluding word is, certainly, a very dragging *expletive*: and though I have not ventur'd to diſplace it, I ſcarce believe it genuine. I once ſuſpected it ſhould be

——want their winter *chear*;

i. e. their jollity, uſual merry-makings at that ſeaſon. Mr. *Warburton* has ingeniouſly advanced a more refin'd emendation; which I'll ſubjoin with his own reaſoning, in confirmation.

" Is it an aggravating circumſtance of the miſeries here recapitu-
" lated, that the wretched ſufferers want their winter? On the con-
" trary, in the deſcriptions of the happineſs of the golden age, it
" was always counted an addition to it, that they wanted winter. It
" ſeems as plain to me as day, that we ought to read:

——want their winters-*beried*;

" i. e. prais'd, celebrated; an old word: and the line, that follows,
" ſhews the propriety of it here. The thing is this; The winter is
" the ſeaſon for rural rejoicings on ſeveral accounts; becauſe they
" have got their fruits in, and have wherewithal to make merry.
" (And therefore, well might ſhe ſay,

The human mortals want their winters *bereid*.

" when ſhe had deſcribed the dearths of the ſeaſon, and the fruitleſs
" toil of the huſbandman.) Then the gloomineſs of the ſeaſon, and
" the vacancy of it, encourage them to it; and laſtly, which is
" principally intimated here, (notwithſtanding the impropriety of
" the ſentiment, as it is circumſtanc'd) ſince *Chriſtianity*, this ſeaſon,
" on account of the birth of the author of our faith, is particularly
" devoted to feſtivity: and to this cuſtom, be aſſured, *hymn* or *carol*
" *bleſs* alludes.

I ſhould

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The ſpring, the ſummer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And, in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night,
Full often ſhe hath goſſip'd by my ſide;
And ſat with me on *Neptune's* yellow ſands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh'd to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gate, (8)
Follying

I ſhould undoubtedly have advanced this conjecture into the text, could I have ever traced the word in any of *Shakeſpeare's* writings; but I think, he rather ſeems fond of *hallow'd*, CHAUCER and SPENCER, I know, both uſe *bery*, very frequently: from the latter I'll produce a paſſage, where in one couplet it is joined with *hymn* and *carol*, as here in our Author;

Tho' wouldeſt thou learn to *carol* of love,
And *bery* with *hymns* thy laſſes glove.

Vid. Shepherd's Kalendar, *for the month of* February.

(8) Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)

Would

Follying (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy;
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theſeus'* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We ſhall chide downright, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and her train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury. ——————
My gentle *Puck*, come hither; thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſic.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou could'ſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid alarm'd: a certain aim he took (9) At

Would imitate;] Following *what?* She did not follow the ſhip whoſe motion ſhe imitated; for that ſailed on the water, ſhe on the land. And if by *following*, we are to underſtand, *copying*; it is a mere *pleonaſm*, that meaning being included in the word *imitate*. From circumſtances in the context, there is great reaſon to think our Author wrote, *follying*, i. e. wantoning, in ſport and gaiety; ſo the old writers uſed follity for fooliſhneſs; and both words are from, and in the ſenſe of *folatrer*, to play the wanton. And this admirably agrees with the action, for which ſhe is here commended, and with the context;——*full often has ſhe* goſſip'd *by my ſide*, and, *When we have* laugh'd *to ſee*, &c. Mr. *Warburton.*

(9) *Cupid* all arm'd;] Surely, this preſents us with a very unclaſſical image. Where do we read or ſee, in ancient books, or monu-

ments

At a fair veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts;
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower:
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it Love in idleneſs.
Fetch me that flow'r; (the herb I ſhew'd thee once)
The juice of it on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On medling monkey, or on buſy ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)

ments, *Cupid* arm'd more than with his bows and arrows? and with theſe we for ever ſee him arm'd. And theſe are all the arms he had occaſion for in this preſent action; a more illuſtrious one, than any, his friends, the claſſicks, ever brought him upon. ——The change I make is ſo ſmall, but the beauty of the thought ſo great, which this alteration carries with it, that, I think, we are not to heſitate upon it. For what an addition is this to the compliment made upon this Virgin *Queen*'s celibacy, that it *alarm'd* the power of love? as if his empire was in danger, when this *Imperial Votreſs* had declared herſelf for a ſingle life: ſo powerful would her great example be in the world.——Queen *Elizabeth* could not but be pleaſed with our *Author's addreſs* upon this head. Mr. Warburton.

I'll

I'll make her render up her page to me,
But who comes here? I am inviſible, (10)
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia?*
The one I'll ſlay; the other ſlayeth me. (11)
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood;
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as ſteel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I ſhall have no pow'r to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?

Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed, as you uſe your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit:
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.

(10) ——— *I am* inviſible.] I thought proper here to obſerve, that, as *Oberon*, and *Puck* his attendant, may be frequently obſerved to ſpeak, when there is no mention of their entering; they are deſigned by the Poet to be ſuppoſed on the ſtage during the greateſt part of the remainder of the play; and to mix, as they pleaſe, as ſpirits, with the other actors; and embroil the plot, by their interpoſition, without being ſeen, or heard, but when to their own purpoſe.

(11) *The one I'll* ſlay, *the other* ſlayeth *me.*] Thus it has been in all the editions hitherto: but Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniouſly ſaw, it muſt be, as I have corrected in the text.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſart place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor does this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows.

O'er-

O'er-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine,
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs, with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my Lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. [*Exe.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her Train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *fairy* ſong:
Then, 'fore the third part of a minute, hence; (12)
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our queint ſpirits. Sing me now aſleep:
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen.

(12.) *Then* for *the third part of a minute hence,*] But the Queen ſets them work, that is to keep them employed for the remainder of the night: The Poet, undoubtedly, intended her to ſay, dance your round, and ſing your ſong, and then inſtantly (*before* the third part of a minute) begone to your reſpective duties.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh;
So good night, with lullaby.

2 Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, *&c.*

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand centinel.
[*Exeunt* Fairies. *The* Queen *ſleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

Enter Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't ſo, *Lyſander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good *Lyſander*; for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my conference; (13)
Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two boſoms, interchained with an oath:
So then two boſoms, and a ſingle troth:
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For lying ſo, *Hermia* I do not lye.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and courteſy
Lie further off; in human modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid;
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, 'till thy ſweet life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; ſleep give thee all his reſt!

Her. With half that wiſh, the wiſher's eyes be preſt!

[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love:

(13) *O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.] 'Tis plain here, that the players, for the ſake of the jingle between *ſenſe* and *innocence*, tranſpoſ'd the two laſt words in the two lines, and ſo made unintelligible nonſenſe of them. Let us adjuſt them, and this will be the meaning. When ſhe interpreted his words to an evil meaning, he ſays, *O take the ſenſe of my conference*; i. e. judge of my meaning by the drift of the other part of my diſcourſe; and let that interpret this. A very proper rule to be always obſerv'd, when we would judge of any one's meaning: the want of which is the moſt common cauſe of miſinterpretation. He goes on and ſays, *Love takes the meaning in love's innocence.* i. e. The innocence of your love may teach you to diſcover mine. Another very fine ſentiment. So that theſe two moſt beautiful lines were perfectly diſfigur'd in the aukward tranſpoſition. Mr. *Warburton.*

Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid.
And here the maiden ſleeping ſound
On the dank and dirty ground,
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lie
Near to this kill curteſy. (14)
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid;
So awake, when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running.*

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius!*
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril, I alone will go.
[*Exit* Demetrius.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive, eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? not with ſalt tears;
If ſo, my eyes are oftener waſh'd than hers:
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do (as a monſter) fly my preſence thus.
What wicked, and diſſembling, glaſs of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia*'s ſphery eyne?

(14) *Near to* this lack-love, *this kill-curteſy.*] Thus, in all the printed editions. But this verſe, as *Ben Johnſon* ſays, is broke looſe from his fellows, and wants to be tied up. I believe, the Poet wrote;

Near to this *kill-courteſy.*

And ſo the line is reduced to the meaſure of the other. But this term being ſomewhat quaint and uncommon, the players, in my opinion, officiouſly clap'd in the other, as a comment; and ſo it has ever ſince held poſſeſſion.

But

But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir, awake.
Lyſ. And run thro' fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.
[*Waking.*
Tranſparent *Helen*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius?* Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo;
What tho' he love your *Hermia?* Lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia?* no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays, you are the worthier maid.
Things, growing, are not ripe until their ſeaſon;
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reaſon;
And, touching now the point of human ſkill,
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn:
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius'* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong; good ſooth, you do;
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. Perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſs:
Oh, that a Lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come *Lyſander* near;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;

Or, as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit and my hereſy,
Of all be hated, but the moſt of me!
And all my pow'rs addreſs your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. Help me *Lyſander*, help me! do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear;
Me-thought, a ſerpent eat my heart away;
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:
Lyſander! what remov'd? *Lyſander*, Lord!
What, out of hearing gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, and if you hear,
Speak of all loves; (I ſwoon almoſt, with fear.)
No?—then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, the Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn-brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,——

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom?*

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw

r a ſword to kill himſelf, which the Ladies cannot
e. How anſwer you that?
out. By'rlaken, a parlous fear?
'ar. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when
s done.
ot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well;
e me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay,
vill do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus*
ot kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell
, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the
ver; this will put them out of fear.
uin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue, and it
be written in eight and ſix.
ot. No, make it two more; let it be written in
t and eight.
out. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the lion?
'ar. I fear it, I promiſe you.
ot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with yourſelves;
ring in, God ſhield us, a lion among Ladies, is a
dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful
-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to
to it.
out. Therefore another prologue muſt tell, he is
a lion.
ot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face
be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf
ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect;
es, or fair Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would
eſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to
ble; my life for yours; if you think, I come
r as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no
thing, I am a man as other men are; and there,
ed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly
Snug the joiner.
uin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard
gs, that is, to bring the moon-light into a cham-
for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* met by moon-

ug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?
r. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack;
ut moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing; we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What ſay you, *Bottom?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall; and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake; and ſo every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck, *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thiſby*, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thiſby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, ſavours ſweet.
So doth thy breath, my deareſt *Thiſby*, dear;
But hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit! (15)
And, by and by, I will to thee appear. [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck.

(15) ——— *ſtay thou but here a* while;] The verſes here, 'tis plain, ſhould be alternately in rhyme; but *ſweet* in the cloſe of the firſt line, and *while* in the third, will not do for this purpoſe. The *Author*, doubtleſs, gave it;

——— *ſtay thou but here a* whit;

Puck. A ſtranger *Pyramus* than e'er play'd here! [*Aſide.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you; for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant briar,
Moſt briſky *Juvenile*, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man; why you muſt not ſpeak that yet: that you anſwer to *Pyramus*; you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Bottom, *with an Aſs-head.*

Thiſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thiſby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray, maſters; fly, maſters; help! [*The* Clowns *exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through briar,
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Snowt. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

i. e. a little while: for ſo it ſignifies, as alſo any thing of no price, or conſideration; a trifle: in which ſenſe it is very frequent with our Author. *Bottom* before in this Scene ſays;

Not a *whit*; I have a device to make all well;

And, in *Hamlet*;

No, not a *whit*; we defy augury.

And in King *Richard* III.

Woe, woe, for England! not a *whit*, for me.

Bot.

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee; thou art tranſlated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed? [*waking.*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay.

For, indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry cuckow never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note, (16)
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, Miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The

(16) *Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,*
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me.] Thus the generality of the impreſſions have ſhuffled, and confuſed theſe verſes, to the utmoſt degree of obſcurity and nonſenſe: but I have from one of the old *Quarto*'s reduced 'em to clearneſs and order: and as, without knowing ſuch an authority for it, Dr. *Thirlby* ingeniouſly hinted to me, they ſhould be placed.

more

more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſſneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblooſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and *Muſtardſeed!* (17)

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.

2 *Fair.* And I.

3 *Fair.* And I.

4 *Fair.* And I, where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon beams from his ſleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!

(17) *Enter* Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtardſeed, *and four Fairies.*] Here the common editions have been ſo extravagant as to ſplit four Fairies into eight: but the old *Quarto* impreſſions both come in to my aſſiſtance to reduce 'em to their right number. The Queen calls them by their reſpective names, and immediately the four Fairies *enter upon call.*

2 Fair.

2 *Fair.* Hail! ——

3 *Fair.* Hail! ——

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily; I beſeech, your worſhip's name

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman?

Peaſe. Peaſeblooſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs *Squaſh* your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſeblooſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir?

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeed*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly giant-like ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire more of your acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeed.*

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity!
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger! how now, mad ſprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,

Were

Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus'* nuptial day.
The ſhallow'ſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport
Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An aſs's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon, his *Thiſby* muſt be anſwer'd.
And forth my minnock comes: when they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the ſky;
So, at his ſight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our ſtamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
Some ſleeves, ſome hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an aſs.

Ob. This falls out better, than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd the *Athenian's* eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That, when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian*.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe:
For thou, I fear, haſt giv'n me cauſe to curſe:
If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The

The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtol'n away
From ſleeping *Hermia?* I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brother's noon-tide with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be, but thou haſt murder'd him;
So ſhould a murderer look, ſo dread, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murder'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murderer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring ſphere.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander?* where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius,* wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'ad rather give his carcaſs to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.
O! once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do ſo much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lyſander's* blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:

Of

Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding troth
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens*, ſee, thou find.
All fancy ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer;
With ſighs of love, that coſts the freſh blood dear;
By ſome illuſion, ſee, thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe doth appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow. [*Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid*'s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the ſky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

Enter Lyſander *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn?
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears:

How

How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more;
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh, holy, fray!
Theſe vows are *Hermia*'s: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgment, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awak.*] O *Helen*, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow?
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus*' ſnow,
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
This Princeſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs.
Hel. O ſpight, O hell! I ſee, you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſy,
You would not do me thus much injury,
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt join in ſouls to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle Lady ſo:
To vow and ſwear, and ſuper-praiſe my parts;
When, I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize. (18)
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your deriſion! none of noble ſort
Would ſo offend a virgin, and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.

(18) *A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,*] This reproach, in the form of it, ſeems extremely to have the caſt of that, in the 1ſt *Æneid*;

Egregiam vero laudem, & ſpolia amplà referris,
Unâ dolo, Divum, &c.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know,
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. Lyſander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but, as gueſt-wiſe, ſojourn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd.
There ever to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes;
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?
Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. Lyſander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeak not, as you think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the *counſel that we two* have ſhar'd,

The

The ſiſter's vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two artificial Gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry, (19)
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt,
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems, that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who, even but now, did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? wherefore ſpeaks he this,
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;

(19) *Two of the firſt life, coats in heraldry,*
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.] The true correction of this paſſage I owe to the friendſhip and communication of the ingenious *Martin Folkes*, Eſq;——Two of the *firſt*, *ſecond*, &c. are terms peculiar in *heraldry* to diſtinguiſh the different *quarterings* of *coats*.

But

ut miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
his you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.
Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
Hel. Ay, do, perſevere, counterfeit ſad looks,
ake mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
ink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
his ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
you have any pity, grace, or manners,
ou would not make me ſuch an argument:
ut fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
hich death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuſe;
y love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot intreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel, no more than ſhe intreat:
hy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak prayers. (20)
elen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
ſwear, by that which I will loſe for thee,
o prove him falſe, that ſays, I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.——
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope!*
Dem. No, no, he'll ſeem
o break away; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.

(20) *Thy* threats *have no more ſtrength than her weak* praiſe.] This line is certainly but an enlargement upon, or rather a variation in terms of the ſenſe of the preceeding line. But, in that, there is a deſign'd *Antitheſis* betwixt *compel* and *intreat*: this contract of terms is wanting, in *threats* and *praiſe*: wherefore we need make no difficulty of ſubſtituting *prayers*. Indeed, my ſuſpicion is, the Poet might have coin'd a ſubſtantive plural, (from the verb, to *pray*) *prays*; i. e. *prayings, entreaties, beſeechings*; and the identity of ſound might give birth to the corruption of it into *praiſe*. But I have choſen *the known and familiar* word.

Her

Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this? ſweet love?

Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine: hated poiſon, hence.

Her. Do you not jeſt?

Hel. Yes, ſooth, and ſo do you.

Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.

Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left me;
Why then you left me—(O the Gods forbid!)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?

Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt;
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-bloſſom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And ſtol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? what, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet! why, ſo: ay, that way goes the game.
Now, I perceive, that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures; ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him,
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes. *Hel.*

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:
Let her not ſtrike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.—

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee, how ſimple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone? who is't, that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyſander?*

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harm thee, *Helena*.

Dem. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hind'ring knot-graſs made, (21)
You bead, you acorn. *Dem.*

(21) *You* Minimus,—] This is no term of art, that I can find; and I can ſcarce be willing to think, that *Shakeſpeare* would uſe the maſculine of an adjective to a woman. He was not ſo deficient in grammar. I have not ventur'd to diſturb the text; but the Author, perhaps, might have wrote;

You, Minim, you,—— i. e.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.

Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt; to try whoſe right,
Or thine, or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.

[*Exeunt* Lyſander *and* Demetrius.

Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you.
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.

[*Exeunt:* Hermia *purſuing* Helena.

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes;
And ſo far I am glad it did ſo ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.

Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore *Robin*, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.

1. *e. You* diminutive *of the creation, you* reptile.
In this ſenſe, to uſe a more recent authority, *Milton* uſes the word in the 7th book of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

Theſe as a line their long dimenſion drew,
Streaking the ground with ſinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature;

Like

Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime, frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou, like *Demetrius*;
And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this herb into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might:
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the lovers wend
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy:
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wandering here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light;
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort;
I with the morning-light have oft made ſport;
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Ev'n till the eaſtern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune* with fair bleſſed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt green ſtreams.
But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay;
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Oberon.

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town,

Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander,

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* ſpeak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [Lyſ. *goes out, as following* Dem.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander, ſpeak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome buſh: where doſt thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou here?
Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Lyſander *comes back.*

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day:
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face,
Where art thou?

Puck.

Come thou hither, I am here.
Nay, then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy
this dear,
thy face by day-light ſee.
thy way; faintneſs conſtraineth me
ſure out my length on this cold bed.
approach look to be viſited. [*Lies down.*

Enter Helena.

O weary night, O long and tedious night,
ate thy hours; ſhine, comforts, from the Eaſt;
may back to *Athens* by day-light,
m theſe, that my poor company deteſt;
p, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*
Yet but three? come one more,
both kinds make up four.
comes, curſt and ſad:
a knaviſh lad,
make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
bled with the dew, and torn with briars,
further crawl, no further go;
gs can keep no pace with my deſires:
ll I reſt me, 'till the break of day.
ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down.*
On the ground, ſleep ſound,
y, to your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
ou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
light, in the ſight, of thy former Lady's eye;
country proverb known,
ery man ſhould take his own,
waking ſhall be ſhown.
ll have *Jill*, naught ſhall go ill,
n ſhall have his mare again, and all be well.
[*Exit* Puck. [*They ſleep.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, continued, the Wood.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COME, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek, ſmooth'd head;
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſeblooſom?*

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſeblooſom.* Where's monſieur *Cob-web?*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cob-web*, good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I ſhould be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior. Where's monſieur *Muſtardſeed.*

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy neafe, monſieur *Muſtardſeed*; pray you, leave your curteſy, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help *Cavalero Cob-web* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Muſick: Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that ſhall ſeek the ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away: (22)
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle, (23)
Gently entwiſt the maple; ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin?* Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;

(22) —— *and be* always *away.*] What! was ſhe giving her attendants an everlaſting diſmiſſion? No ſuch thing; they were to be ſtill upon duty. I am convinc'd, the Poet meant;

—— *and be* all ways *away.*

i. e. diſperſe yourſelves, and ſcout out ſeverally, in your *watch*, that danger approach us from no quarter.

(23) *So doth the woodbine the ſweet honeyſuckle*
Gently entwiſt; the female ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.] What does the *woodbine* entwiſt? Why, the *honeyſuckle.* But ever till now the honeyſuckle and the woodbine were but two names for the ſame plant. But we have now found a ſupport for the woodbine, as well as for the ivy. The corruption might happen thus; the firſt blunderer in writing might leave the *p* out of *maple*, and make it *male*; upon which the acute Editors *turn'd* it into *female*, and tack'd it as an *epithet to ivy.* Mr. *Warburton.*

And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did aſk of her her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes;
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwain;
That, he, awaking, when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But, firſt, I will releaſe the Fairy Queen;

Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er *Cupid*'s flower
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power. (24)

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweet Queen.
Queen. My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamoured of an aſs.
Ob. There lies your love.

(24) Dian's *bud*, or Cupid's *flow'r*] Thus all the editions have ſtupidly exhibited this paſſage. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* gave me the correction, which I have inſerted in the text, and which, doubtleſs, reſtores us the Author. *Oberon* in Act the 2d, where he firſt propoſes to enchant his Queen's eyes and ſenſe, tells us, he has an antidote to take off the charm.

And e'er I take this charm from off her ſight,
As I can take it with *another herb*, &c.

And again, towards the end of the third Act, where he is giving *Puck* directions for diſenchanting *Lyſander*, he ſays;

Then cruſh this *herb* into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its *might*,
And make his *eye-balls* roll with wonted ſight.

Queen.

Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head;
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead (25)
Than common ſleep of all theſe five the ſenſe.
Queen. Muſick, ho, muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Still Muſick.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, muſick; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will to-morrow midnight ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus'* houſe triumphantly
And bleſs it to all fair poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Ob. Then, my Queen, in ſilence fade; (26)
Trip we after the night's ſhade;
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Queen. Come, my Lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,

(25) Titania, *muſick call, and ſtrike more dead*
Than common ſleep. Of all theſe fine *the ſenſe.*] This, moſt certainly, is both corrupt in the text, and pointing. Would muſick, that was to ſtrike them into a deeper ſleep than ordinary, contribute to *fine* (or, *refine*) their ſenſes? My emendation, I am perſuaded, needs no juſtification. The *five*, that lay aſleep on the ſtage, were, *Demetrius*, *Lyſander*, *Hermia*, *Helena*, and *Bottom*.—I ought to acknowledge, that Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſtarted and communicated this very correction.

(26) *Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad,*] Why, *ſad?* Fairies, according to the receiv'd notion, are pleas'd to follow night. For that reaſon, and for bettering the rhyme, I think it very probable that our Author wrote;—*in ſilence* fade; i. e. vaniſh, retreat. In which ſenſe our Author has elſewhere employ'd this word. As in *Hamlet* ſpeaking of the *ghoſt's* diſappearing.
It *faded* at the crowing of the cock.

That I ſleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lie ſtill.*
With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind horns within.*

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, *and all his Train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation is perform'd,
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go,
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near, (27)

(27) *The ſkies, the* fountains, *ev'ry region near,*
Seem'd all one mutual cry.] It has been propos'd to me, that the Author probably wrote *mountains*, from whence an echo rather proceeds than from *fountains*: but as we have the authority of the ancients for *lakes*, *rivers*, and *fountains* returning a ſound, I have been diffident to diſturb the text. To give a few inſtances that occur at preſent.

Ovid. Metam. l. 3. ver. 500.
Ultima vox ſolitam fuit hæc ſpectantis in undam,
" *Heu fruſtra dilecte puer!*" *totidemque* remiſit
Verba lacus.

For ſo *Burmann* has corrected it: the common editions have *locus*.

Virgil Æneid: 12. verſ. 886,
Tam vero exoritur clamor, ripæque lacuſque
Reſponſant circà, & *cœlum tonat omne tumultu.*

Auſon. *in* Moſellâ. verſ. 167.
——— adſtrepit *ollis*
Et rupes, & ſylva tremens, & concavus amnis.

And again, verſ. 296.
——— *Reſonantia utrimque*
Verba refert, mediis *concurrit* fluctibus Echo.

Propert. lib. 1. *Eleg.* 20. verſ. 49.
Cui procul Alcides *iterat reſponſa*; *ſed illi*
Nomen ab extremis fontibus *aura* refert.

Seem'd

Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind.
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly:*
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are theſe?
Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar's Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.
Theſ. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The rite of *May*; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my Lord.
Theſ. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their horns.

Horns and ſhout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia, *and* Helena, *wake and ſtart up.*

Theſ. Good morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt.
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
Theſ. I pray you all, ſtand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world.
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſy,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.
Ege. Enough, enough; my Lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtol'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me:
But, my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the ſnow; ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;
But, as in health come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it;
And will for evermore be true to it.
Theſ. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met,
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come, *Hippolita*. [*Exe. Duke*, Hippol. *and Train.*
Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted eye;
When every thing ſeems double.
Hel. So, methinks;

And

And I have found *Demetrius* like a gemell, (28)
Mine own and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

(28) *And I have found* Demetrius *like a* jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.] *Hermia* had ſaid, things appeared double to her. *Helena* ſays, So, methinks; and then ſubjoins, *Demetrius* was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. According to common ſenſe and conſtruction, *Demetrius* is here compared to ſomething that has the property of *appearing* the ſame, and yet not *being* the ſame: and this was a thought natural enough, upon her declaring her approbation of what *Hermia* had ſaid, that every thing ſeems *double*. But now, how has a jewel, or any precious thing, the property, rather than a more worthleſs one, of appearing to be the ſame and yet not the ſame? This I believe, won't be eaſily found out. I make no doubt therefore, but the true reading is;

And I have found Demetrius *like a* gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

from *gemellus*, a *twin*. For *Demetrius* acted that night two ſuch different parts, that ſhe could hardly think him one and the ſame *Demetrius*: but that there were two Twin *Demetriuſes* to the acting this farce, like the two *Socia's*. This makes good and pertinent ſenſe of the whole; and the corruption from *gemell* to *jewel* was ſo eaſy from the ſimilar trace of the letters, and the difficulty of the tranſcribers underſtanding the true word, that, I think, it is not to be queſtion'd.

Mr. *Warburton*.

If ſome over-nice ſpirits ſhould object to *gemell* wanting its authorities as an *Engliſh* word, I think fit to obſerve, in aid of my friend's fine conjecture, that it is no new thing with *Shakeſpeare* to coin and enfranchize words fairly derived; and ſome ſuch as have by the grammarians been called ἅπαξ λεγόμενα, or words *uſed but once*. Again, though *gemell* be not adopted either by *Chaucer* or *Spenſer*; nor acknowledged by the dictionaries; yet both *Blount* in his *Gloſſography*, and *Philips*, in his *World of Words*, have *geminels*, which they interpret *twins*. And laſtly, in two or three other paſſages, *Shakeſpeare* uſes the ſame manner of thought. In the *Comedy of Errors*, where *Adriana* ſees her huſband and his twin-brother, ſhe ſays;

I ſee *two huſbands*, or my eyes deceive me.

One of them, therefore, *ſeem'd* to be her own, but *was not*. And in his *twelfth-night*, when *Viola* and *Sebaſtian*, who were twins, appear together, they bear ſo ſtrict a reſemblance, that the Duke cries:

One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A nat'ral perſpective, that *is*, and *is not*.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him; And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

As they go out, Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt fair *Pyramus*——hey, ho,——*Peter Quince, Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snowt* the tinker! *Starveling!* god's my life! ſtolen hence, and left me aſleep? I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream, paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was: man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it ſhall be call'd *Bottom's* Dream, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play before the duke; (29) peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it after death. [*Exit.*

(29) *Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at* her *death.*] At *her* death? At *whoſe?* In all *Bottom's* ſpeech there is not the leaſt mention of any ſhe-creature, to whom this relative can be coupled. I make not the leaſt ſcruple, but *Bottom,* for the ſake of a jeſt, and to render his *voluntary,* as we may call it, the more gracious and extraordinary, ſaid;——*I ſhall ſing it* after *death.* He, as *Pyramus,* is killed upon the ſcene; and ſo might promiſe to riſe again at the concluſion of the Interlude, and give the Duke his dream by way of ſong.——The ſource of the corruption of the text is very obvious. The *f* in *after* being ſunk by the vulgar pronounciation, the copyiſt might write it from the ſound,——*a'ter:* which the wiſe editors not underſtanding, concluded, two words were erroneouſly got together; ſo ſplitting them, and clapping in an *h,* produced the preſent reading —— *at her.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Town.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

Quin. HAve you ſent to *Bottom*'s houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flute. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flute. You muſt ſay, paragon; (30) a paramour is (God bleſs us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married; if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O ſweet bully *Bottom!* thus hath he loſt ſixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſix-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him ſixpence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deſerv'd it. Six-pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom—O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

(30) *A paramour is (God bleſs us) a thing of* nought.] This is a reading, I am ſure, *of nought*. My change of a ſingle letter gives a very important change to the humour of the paſſage ——A thing of *naught*, means, a *naughty* thing, little better than downright *bawdry*. So, in *Hamlet*, *Ophelia*, when he talks a little groſsly to her, replies;

You're naught, you're *naught*, my Lord, &c.

Bot.

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian.* I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, (31) our play is referred: in any case, let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws; and, most dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, *and his Lords.*

HIPPOLITA.

'TIS strange, my *Theseus*, what these lovers speak of.
Thes. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,

(31) *Our play is* preferr'd:] This word is not to be taken in its most common acceptation here, as if their play was *chosen* in *preference* to the others; (for that appears afterwards not to be the fact;) but means, that it was given in, among others, for the Duke's option: And, in this sense, we say,——*preferr* a petition; i. e. give it in, lodge it, for the Judge's answer. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, *Decius* says;

Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And presently *prefer* his suit to Cæsar.

Are

Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
The madman. While the lover, all as frantic,
Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to aiery nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds tranſfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, *and* Helena.

Theſ. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and freſh days of love
Accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.

Theſ. Come now, what maſks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Philoſtrate*.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. Here, mighty *Theſeus*.

Theſ. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What *maſque? what muſic?* how ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt.

Philoſt. There is a brief, how many ſports are ripe: (32)
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.
[*Giving a paper.*
Theſ. reads.] *The battel with the Centaurs, to be ſung* (33)
By an Athenian *eunuch to the harp.*
We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules.*
The riot of the tipſy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian *ſinger in their rage.*
That is an old device; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conqueror.
The thrice three muſes mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is ſome ſatire, keen and critical;
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thiſby; *very tragical mirth.*
Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot ice, and wond'rous ſtrange ſnow.
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?
Philoſt. A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief, as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long!
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble Lord, it is:

(32) ——— *how many ſports are* rife:] I have choſen to reſtore from one of the old quartos printed in 1600, *ripe*, as the moſt proper word here: *ripe*, ſignifying any thing ready for uſe; *rife*, only the great increaſe of any thing.

(33) Lyſ. *The battel with the Centaurs*----] Here the ſixteen lines, that follow, from the time of the firſt *folio* edition put out by the players, have impertinently been divided, by two verſes alternately, betwixt *Theſeus* and *Lyſander*. But what has *Lyſander* to do in the affair? He is no courtier of *Theſeus*'s, but only an occaſional gueſt; and juſt come out of the woods, ſo not likely to know what ſports were in preparation. I have taken the old *quarts* for my guides, in regulating this paſſage. *Theſeus* aſks after entertainment. *Philoſtrate*, who is his maſter of the revels, gives him in a liſt of what ſports are ready: upon which, *Theſeus* reads the titles of them out *of the liſt*, and then alternately makes his remarks upon them. *And this, I dare ſay,* was the Poet's own deſign and diſtribution.

For

For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.
Theſ. What are they, that do play it?
Philoſt. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this ſame play againſt your nuptials.
Theſ. And we will hear it.
Philoſt. No, my noble Lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.
Theſ. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiſs,
When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in, and take your places Ladies. [*Exit* Phil.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.
Theſ. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor [willing] duty cannot do, (34)
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,

(34) *And what poor duty cannot do, noble reſpect*
Takes it in might, not merit.] What ears have theſe poetical Editors, to palm this line upon us as a verſe of *Shakeſpeare*? 'Tis certain, an epithet had ſlipt out, and I have ventur'd to reſtore ſuch a one as the ſenſe may diſpenſe with; and which makes the two verſes *flowing and perfect.*

Not

Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. So pleaſe your Grace, the prologue is addreſt.
Theſ. Let him approach. [*Flour. Trum.*

Enter Quince, *for the prologue.*

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple ſkill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you, (35)
Our true intent is.—all for your delight,
We are not here.—that you ſhould here repent you,
The actors are at hand;—and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child on the recorder; a ſound, but not in government.

(35) *We do not come as minding to content you,*
Our true intent is all for your delight,
We are not here that you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; &c.] Thus the late accurate Editor, deviating from all the old copies, has, by a certain peculiar fatality, pointed this paſſage. The whole glee and humour of the prologue is in the actor's making falſe reſts, and ſo turning every member of the ſentences into flagrant nonſenſe. And Mr. *Pope* ſeems very cruel to our Author, (conſidering how many paſſages, which ſhould have been pointed *right*, he has pointed *wrong*;) that here, when he *ſhould point wrong*, with a ſtrange perverſeneſs, and unuſual appetite *for ſenſe*, he will *point right*.

Theſ.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thiſbe, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhew.*

Prol. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thiſby* is, certain.
This man with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine: For, if you will know,
By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
This griſly beaſt, which by name *Lion* hight, (36)
The truſty *Thiſby*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe let fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his truſty *Thiſby*'s mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarrying in the mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lion*, *Moonſhine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but* Wall.

Theſ. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my Lord; one *Lion* may, when many aſſes do.

(36) ——*which* Lion *hight by name.*] As all the other parts of this ſpeech are in *alternate* rhyme, excepting that it cloſes with a *couplet*; and as no rhyme is left to, *name*; we muſt conclude, either a verſe is ſlipt out, *which cannot now be retrieved*: or, by a tranſpoſition *of the words, as I have* placed them, the Poet intended a triplet.

Wall.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befal,
That I, one *Snout* by name, preſent a wall: (37)
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Py'rmus* and *This-by*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition, that ever I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

Theſ. Pyramus draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night; O night with hue ſo black
O night which ever art, when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack.
I fear, my *Thiſby's* promiſe is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this!
But what ſee I? no *Thiſby* do I ſee,
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs;
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.

Theſ. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thiſby*'s cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder ſhe comes.

(37) *That I, one* Flute *by name,*] Thus Mr. *Pope* gives it us, either from the old *quarto's*, or by accident. But accident, or authority, happens to be wrong in it: and we muſt reſtore, *Snout*, with the old *folio's*; for it appears in the firſt act, that *Flute* was to perform *Thiſbe.*

Enter

Enter Thiſby.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chink;
To ſpy, an I can hear my *Thiſby*'s face.
Thiſby!
Thiſ. My love! thou art, my love, I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.
Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pyr. O kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thiſ. I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s tomb meet me ſtraightway?
Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part diſcharged ſo:
And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*
Theſ. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
Dem. No remedy, my Lord, when walls are ſo wilful to hear without warning.
Hip. This is the fillieſt ſtuff that e'er I heard.
Theſ. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows, and the worſt are no worſe if imagination amend them.
Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.
Theſ. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in a moon and a lion. (38)

(38) *Here come two noble beaſts in a* man *and a lion.*] I don't think the jeſt here is either compleat, or right. It is differently pointed in ſeveral of the old copies, which, I ſuſpect, may lead us to the true reading, *viz.*

Here come two noble beaſts,——in a man *and a lion.*

immediately upon *Theſeus* ſaying this, enter *Lion* and *Moonſhine.* It ſeems very probable therefore, that our Author wrote

——— *in a* moon *and a* lion.

the one having a *creſcent* and a lanthorn before him, and repreſenting the *man in the moon*; the other in a lion's hide. Enter

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. You, Ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor elſe no lion's dam:
For if I ſhould as lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Thef. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that e'er I ſaw.

Lyſ. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

Thef. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my Lord; for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the fox carries the gooſe.

Thef. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent:

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Thef. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent:
Myſelf the man i' th' moon doth ſeem to be.

Thef. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn: how is it elſe the man i' th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; would he would change.

Thef. It appears by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courteſy, in all reaſon we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes *Thiſby*.

Enter Thiſby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny*'s tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.——— [*The* lion *roars*, Thiſby *runs off*.

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion*.

Thef. Well run, *Thiſby*.

Hip. Well ſhone, *Moon*.

Truly, the *Moon* ſhines with a good grace.

Thef. Well mouz'd, *Lion*.

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lyſ. And ſo the lion vaniſh'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thiſby*'s ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight!
But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you ſee!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good;
What, ſtain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come:
Cut thread and thrum,
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Thef. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend would go near to make a man look ſad.

Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didſt thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is—— no, no——which was the faireſt dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*.

Ay,

Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the ſky;
Tongue, loſe thy light: moon, take thy flight;
Now die, die, die, die, die.

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theſ. With the help of a ſurgeon he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance the *Moonſhine* is gone, before *Thiſby* comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thiſby.

Theſ. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thiſby* is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe moans, *videlicet*.—(39)

Thiſ. Aſleep, my love?
What dead, my dove?
O *Pyramus* ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? a tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe lilly brows, (40)
This cherry noſe,

(39) *And thus ſhe* means——] Thus all the editions have it, I think without any *meaning*. It ſhould be, thus ſhe *moans*; i. e. laments over her dead *Pyramus*. It is ſaid a little above, *And her* paſſion *ends the play*.

(40) *Theſe lilly* lips, *this cherry* noſe.] All *Thiſby*'s lamentation, till now, runs in regular rhyme and metre. But both, by ſome accident, are in this ſingle inſtance interrupted. I ſuſpect, the Poet wrote:

Theſe lilly brows,
This cherry noſe,

Now *black* brows being a beauty, *lilly* brows are as ridiculous as a *cherry* noſe, *green* eyes, or cowſlip cheeks.

Theſe

Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ſiſters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lave them in gore,
Since you have ſhore
With ſheers his thread of ſilk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, truſty ſword;
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewell, friends,
Thus *Thiſby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Thef. *Moon-ſhine* and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomaſk dance, between two of our company?

Thef. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thiſby*'s garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your bergomaſk; let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt *fairy* time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gaite of night. Sweet friends, to bed,
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon: (41)
Whilſt the heavy plougnman ſnoars,
All with weary taſk fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
In the church-way paths to glide;
And we *Faries*, that do run
By the triple *Hecate*'s team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Following darkneſs like a dream,

(41) *And the wolf* beholds *the moon:*] As it is the deſign of t lines to characterize the animals, as they preſent themſelves a hour of midnight; and as the wolf is not juſtly characteriz'd by ſa he *beholds* the moon; which all other beaſts of prey, then aw do: and as the ſounds theſe animals make at that ſeaſon, ſeem intended to be repreſented; I make no queſtion but the Poet wr

And the wolfe *behowls* the moon.

For ſo the wolf is exactly characterized, it being his peculiar pro to *howl at the moon* (*Behowl*, as *bemoan*, *beſeem*, *betrim*, and an dred others.) Mr. *Warbu*

So, again, in *As you like it.*

Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of *wolves* againſt the *moon.*

So in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Faithful Shepherdeſs.*

—— or the owl.
Or our *great enemy*, that ſtill doth *howl*
Againſt the moon's pale beams.

For this is ſpoken of the wolfe, and by a ſhepherd, to whom beaſt was an enemy, with regard to his flock. And ſo in *Mar Antonio* and *Mellida*, where the whole paſſage ſeems to be copied f this of our Author.

Now *barks* the *wolf againſt* the full-cheek'd *moon*;
Now *lyons* half-cram'd entrails *roar* for food;
Now croaks the toad, *and night-crows ſhriek aloud*,
Fluttring 'bout caſements of *departing ſouls:*
Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns *let looſe*
Impriſon'd ſpirits to reviſit earth.

w are frolick; not a mouſe
all diſturb this hallow'd houſe.
m ſent with broom before,
ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their Train.*

Ob. Through the houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſy fire,
ery elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
id this ditty after me
ig, and dance it trippingly.
Queen. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by rote,
each word a warbling note.
nd in hand, with fairy grace,
ill we ſing, and bleſs this place.

The SONG.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this houſe each *Fairy* ſtray.
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate;
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hair-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every *Fairy* take his gate,
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace with ſweet peace.
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam
No more yielding than a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a liar call:
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

H. Gravelot in Vol: 1 P: 141.

G. V.do Gucht Sculp.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Milan, *Father to* Silvia.
Valentine, } *the Two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *Father to* Protheus.
Thurio, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.
Eglamore, *Agent for* Silvia *in her Eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where* Julia *lodges in* Milan.
Out-laws.
Speed, *a clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.
Launce, *the like to* Protheus.
Panthion, *Servant to* Anthonio.

Julia, *a Lady of* Verona, *beloved of* Protheus.
Silvia, *the Duke of* Milan's *Daughter beloved by* Valentine.
Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, Muſicians.

The SCENE ſometimes in *Verona*; ſometimes in *Milan*; and on the Frontiers of *Mantua.*

THE

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF (1) VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE, an open Place in *Verona*.

Enter Valentine *and* Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)

(1) Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, that the ſtile of this Comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected, than the greater part of our Author's plays, tho' ſuppos'd to be one of the firſt he wrote. I muſt obſerve, too, that as I take it to be one of his very worſt, it happens to be freeſt from accidental corruptions of his Editors: which is the reaſon, that my notes are fewer on this, than on any one of his other pieces.

Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs?

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young-*Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. Over the boots: nay, give me not the boots. (2)

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans:
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſh'd.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you.
And he that is ſo yoaked by a fool,

(2) *nay, give me not the* boots.] A proverbial expreſſion, tho' now diſus'd, ſignifying, don't make a laughing ſtock of me; don't play upon me. The *French* have a phraſe, *Bailler join en corne*; which *Cotgrave* thus interprets, To give one the boots; to ſell him a bargain. Methinks,

Methinks, ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine:*

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love; and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in *Milan!*

Val. As much to you at home; and ſo farewell! [*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak; heart ſick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, ſave you; ſaw you my maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence, t'embark for *Milan.*

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already,
And I have play'd the ſheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray,
An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep.

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my letter to *Julia*.

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton (3); and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charged, you were beſt ſtick her.

(3) *I, a* loſt mutton, *gave your letter to her, a* lac'd mutton;] *Launce* calls himſelf *a loſt mutton*, becauſe he had loſt his maſter, and becauſe *Protheus* had been proving him a *ſheep*. But why does he call the Lady a *lac'd mutton?* Your notable wenchers are to this day call'd *Muttonmongers:* and conſequently the object of their paſſion muſt, by the Metaphor, be the *mutton*. And *Cotgrave*, in his *Engliſh-French* Dictionary, explains *lac'd* mutton, *une garſe, putain, fille de joy*. And Mr. *Motteaux* has rendered this paſſage of *Rabelais*, in the Prologue of his fourth book, *cailles coiffées, mignonnement chantans*, in this manner, *coated quails and* lac'd mutton *waggiſhly ſinging*. So that *lac'd mutton* has been a ſort of ſtandard phraſe for *girls of pleaſure*. (I ſhall explain *cailles coiffées* in its proper place, upon a paſſage of *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.) That *lac'd mutton* was a term in vogue before our Author appear'd in writing, I find from an old play, printed in black letter in the year 1578, call'd *Promos* and *Caſſandra:* in which a courteſan's ſervant thus ſpeaks to her;

Prying abroad for playefellows, and ſuch,
For you, miſtreſſe, I hearde of one *Phallax*,
A man eſteemde of *Promos* verie much:
Of whoſe nature I was ſo bolde to axe,
And I ſmealte, he lov'd laſe mutton well.

Pro.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a ſtray (4); 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe; did ſhe nod? [Speed *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod; And you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains, what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her.

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not ſo much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as—take this for thy pains:

(4) *Nay, in that you are* aſtray.] For the reaſon *Protheus* gives, Dr. *Thirlby* adviſes that we ſhould read, *a ſtray*; i. e. a ſtray ſheep; which continues *Protheus*'s banter upon *Speed*.

To

To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me:
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter yourſelf: and ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck,
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore.
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger:
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE changes to *Julia*'s Chamber.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. BUT ſay, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their names; I'll ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour?*

Luc. As of a knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*

Luc. Lord, Lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.

Jul. Your reaſon?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.

Jul.

Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.
Luc. The fire, that's cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia*; ſay, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee, it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would, tI had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *no*, to that
Which they would have the proff'rer conſtrue, *ay*.
Fy, fy; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,

And

And ask remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your Ladyſhip?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is, that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie, where it concerns;
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune;
Give me a note; your Ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible.
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:
How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out;
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, 'tis too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſaucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat;
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.

Luc.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for *Protheus.* (5)

Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words;
Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends:
Look, here is writ *kind* Julia; unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones;
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd:
And thus I ſearch it with a ſov'reign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That ſome whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

(5) *I bid the baſe for* Protheus.] *Lucetta* here alters the allegory from the *baſe* in *muſick* to a country exerciſe, call'd in the North, *Bid-the-baſe*; in which ſome purſue, to take the others priſoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend to ſay, "Indeed, I take pains to make you "a captive for *Protheus.*" *Mr.* Warburton.

Enter

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down: Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee: I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Anthonio*'s Houſe.

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what ſad talk was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd that your Lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out: (6)
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus* your ſon was meet:
And did requeſt me to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

(6) *Put forth their ſons.*] In *Shakeſpeare*'s times, voyages for the diſcovery of the *Weſt Indies* were all in vogue. And we find, in the journals of travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt quality in *England*, went commonly on thoſe adventures. To which prevailing faſhion, 'tis evident, the Poet frequently alludes in this play; not without high commendations of it. Mr. *Warburton.*

Ant.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering,
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pant. I think, your Lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court. (7)

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordſhip ſent him thither;
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou adviſ'd:
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Ev'n with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor;
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go.
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

(7) *Attends the* Emperor *in his royal court.*] The Emperor's royal court is properly at *Vienna*, but *Valentine*, 'tis plain, is at *Milan*; where, in moſt other paſſages, 'tis ſaid he is attending the Duke, who makes one of the characters in the *Drama*. This ſeems to convict the Author of a forgetfulneſs and contradiction; but, perhaps, it may be ſolv'd thus, and *Milan* be call'd the Emperor's court, as ſince the reign of *Charlemaigne*, this dukedom and its territories have belong'd to the Emperors. I wiſh, I could as eaſily ſolve another abſurdity, which encounters us; of *Valentine*'s going from *Verona* to *Milan*, both inland places, by ſea.

Enter

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents.
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my Lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not, that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentine* in the Emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.
Come on *Panthion*; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Pant.

Pro. Thus have I ſhun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe,

Hath

Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth (8)
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you, father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is; my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE changes to *Milan*.

An Apartment in the *Duke*'s Palace.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove———.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Hah! let me ſee: ay, give it me, its mine.
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine;
Ah *Silvia! Silvia!*
Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*
Val. How now, ſirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.
Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?

(8) *Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth* well] This monoſyllable was foiſted in by Mr. *Pope*, to ſupport, as he thought, the verſification in the cloſe. But it was done for want of obſerving *Shakeſpeare*'s licences in his *meaſures*: which 'tis proper, once for all, to take notice of. *Reſembleth*, he deſign'd here ſhould in pronunciation make four ſyllables: as *witneſſi*, afterwards in this play, and as *fidler*, (in the *Taming a Shrew*) and *angry* (twice in *Timon* of *Athens*) are made *triſyllables*; and as *fire* and *hour* are almoſt for ever protracted by *him to two ſyllables*.

Speed.

Speed. Your worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, Sir, tell me, do you know madam *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks; firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a *Robin-red-breaſt*; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmaſs*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: But you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my Lady *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerved that? ev'n ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed.

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her favourite infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever ſince I ſaw her;
And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: For he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. *Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!*
Now will he interpret to her. *Val.*

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good morrows.
Speed. Oh! 'give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.
Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.
Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt, and ſhe gives it him.
Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant; 'tis very clerkly done.
Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance, you think too much of ſo much pains?
Val. No, madam, ſo it ſtood you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet——
Sil. A pretty period; well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it, and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*
Val. What means your Ladyſhip? do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly take them again;
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your Ladyſhip another.
Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.
Val. If it pleaſe me, madam, what then?
Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*
Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her, and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

Exe-

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir? what are you reaſoning with yourſelf?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokes-man from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf; why ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf:
Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
" For often have you writ to her, and ſhe in modeſty,
" Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
" Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind
" diſcover,
" Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto
" her lover."
All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it.——
Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would fain have meat: oh, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Julia*'s Houſe at *Verona*.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. HAVE patience, gentle *Julia*.

Julia. I muſt, where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'erſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake;
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer, than I ſhould: [*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewel. — What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come.
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Launce, *with his dog* Crab.

Laun. NAY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the ſowreſt-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howl-

ling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear! he is a ſtone, a very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a *Jew* would have wept, to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhew you the manner of it: this ſhoe is my father; no, this left ſhoe is my father; no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be ſo neither; yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole; this ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo; now come I to my father; father, your bleſſing; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he, weeps on; now come I to my mother; oh that ſhe could ſpeak now (9) like a wood woman! well, I kiſs her

(9) *Like an* ould *woman*!] Theſe mere poetical Editors can do nothing towards an emendation, even when 'tis chalk'd out to their hands. The firſt *folios* agree in *would woman*; for which, becauſe it was a myſtery to Mr. *Pope*, he has unmeaningly ſubſtituted *ould woman*. But it muſt be writ, or at leaſt underſtood, *wood* woman, i. e. crazy, frantick with grief; or, diſtracted, from any other cauſe. The word is very frequently uſed in *Chaucer*; and ſometimes writ, *wood*; ſometimes, *wode*.

What ſhould he ſtudy, or make himſelf *wood*?

In his character of the *Monk*.

They told ev'ry man that he was *wode*,
He was aghaſte ſo of *Noe*'s flode.

In his *Miller*'s Tale. And he likewiſe uſes *wodeneſs*, for madneſs. *Vide* Spelman's *Saxon Gloſſary* in the word *wod*. As to the reading in the old editions, *would-woman*, perhaps, this may be a deſign'd corruption, to make *Launce* purpoſely blunder in the word; as he a little before very humorouſly calls the *prodigal* ſon, the *prodigious* ſon.—— I ought to take notice, that my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton* ſent me up this ſame emendation, unknowing that I had already *corrected the place*.

her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee, how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away, aſs, you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou't loſe the flood; and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and in loſing thy ſervice, —— why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?——

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

I had like to have forgot, that *wood* is a term likewiſe uſed by our own Poet: *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act. 2.

And here am I, and *wood* within this wood.

Which Mr. *Pope* has there rightly expounded, by *mad, wild, raving*. And again, *Shakeſpeare*, in one of his poems, has this line;

Then to the woods ſtark *wood* in rage ſhe flies her.

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Milan*.

An Apartment in the *Duke*'s Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. SErvant, —

Val. Miſtreſs?

Speed. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Yourſelf, ſweet Lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy eſtimation;
And, not without deſert, ſo well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a ſon?

Val. Ay, my good Lord, a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſt, and ſpent our hours together:
And tho' myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To cloathe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes, that I now beſtow;)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an Empreſs' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counſellor:
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time awhile.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit.* Duke.
Val. This is the gentleman, I told your Ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lockt in her cryſtal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, ſure, I think ſhe holds them pris'ners ſtill.
Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
Val. Why, Lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as yourſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus:* miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he, you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: Sweet Lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady; but too mean a ſervant,
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:
Sweet Lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:

Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.

Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord your father would ſpeak with you. (10)

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure: [*Exit. Serv.*] Come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more, my new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your Ladyſhip.
[*Exe.* Sil. *and* Thu.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty Lord;
And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth.

(10) Thur. *Madam, my Lord your father*] This ſpeech in all the editions is aſſign'd improperly to *Thurio*; but he has been all along upon the ſtage, and could not know that the Duke wanted his daughter. Beſides, the firſt line and half of *Silvia*'s anſwer is evidently addreſs'd to two perſons. A ſervant, therefore, muſt come *in and deliver* the meſſage; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio.

Now

Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol, that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heav'nly ſaint?
Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my miſtreſs.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my Lady's train, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs;
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower;
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can, is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone —
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;

For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.
Pro. But ſhe loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I muſt climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel
Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth.
I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte?
Pro. I will. [*Exit* Val.
Ev'n as one heat, another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or *Valentino*'s praiſe, (11)
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;

(11) *Is it mine* then, *or* Valentino's *praiſe,*] This ſupplemental word, *then*, was firſt clapt in by Mr. *Rowe* to help the lab'ring verſe, and ſince embrac'd by Mr. *Pope*. But let us ſee, what ſenſe reſults from it. What! is *Protheus* queſtioning with himſelf, whether it is his own praiſe, or *Valentine*'s, that makes him fall in love? But *Protheus* had not prais'd *Silvia* any further than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend demanded it. In all the old editions, we find it thus;

Is it mine, or *Volentino*'s praiſe.

The verſe halts ſo, that ſome one ſyllable muſt be wanting; and that Mr. *Warburton* has very ingeniouſly, and, as I think, with certainty ſupply'd, as I have reſtor'd in the text. *Protheus* had juſt ſeen *Valentine*'s miſtreſs; *Valentine* had prais'd her ſo laviſhly, that the deſcription heighten'd *Protheus*'s ſentiments of her from the interview; ſo that it was the leſs wonder that he ſhould not know certainly, at firſt, which made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion, *Valentine*'s *praiſes*, or his own view of the original.

Which,

Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.
Oh! but I love his Lady too, too, much;
And that's the reaſon, I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled ſo my reaſon's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. LAUNCE, by mine honeſty, welcome to † *Milan.*

Laun. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, 'till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently, where, for one ſhot of five-pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam *Julia?*

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then how ſtands the matter with them?

† —It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act 3. Mr. Pope.

Laun. Marry, thus: when it ſtands well with him it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too? look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-under, and underſtand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhall never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it ſo; but, *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter,

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Chriſtian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-houſe with a *Chriſtian*.: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:

O

O ſweet-ſuggeſting love! if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants reſolved will,
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fy, fy, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſov'reignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf:
If I loſe them, thus find I by their loſs,
For *Valentine*, myſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*:—
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill more precious in itſelf:
And *Silvia*, (witneſs heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead;
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
Myſelf in counſel his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio*, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter.
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Julia*'s Houſe in *Verona*.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. COunſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me;
And, even, in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.
Luc. Better forbear, till *Protheus* make return.
Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th' enamel'd ſtones;
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe;
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep, have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reſt, as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elyſium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along;
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta,* fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.
Luc. Why then your Ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:
To be fantaſtic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
Luc. What faſhion, Madam, ſhall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as--" tell me, good my Lord,
" What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt like'ſt, *Lucetta.*
Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.
Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta!* that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Jul. *Lucetta,* as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta,* of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus.*
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.
Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, *pure meſſengers* ſent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.
Luc. Pray heav'n he prove ſo, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note, of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not; but to it preſently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, the Duke's Palace in *Milan*.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Protheus.

DUKE.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about. [*Exit* Thur.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;

Than,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
If unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.
Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my Court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs, that I ever yet have ſhunn'd;)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Exit* Pro.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?
Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?

Val.

Val. The tenour of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my Lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the Gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a Lady, † Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpects not words;

† *Sir, in* Milan here. It ought to be thus, inſtead of—*in* Verona *here*—for the Scene apparently is in *Milan*, as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt Act, and in the beginning of the firſt Scene of the fourth Act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth Scene of Act II. where *Speed* bids his fellow-ſervant Launce, welcome to *Padua*.

MR. POPE.

Dumb

Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent, that I ſent her.
Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er:
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone:
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful Gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.
Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a Gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
Val. When would you uſe it? pray, Sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven a clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?

Val.

Val. It will be light, my Lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good Lord.
Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my Lord.
Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this ſame? what's here? To *Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [Duke *reads.*
" My thoughts do harbour with my *Silvia* nightly,
" And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
" Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
" Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying:
" My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them,
" While I, their King, that thither them importune,
" Do curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
" Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervant's fortune:
" I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me;
" That they ſhould harbour, where their Lord ſhould be."
What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.
Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops'* ſon,
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heav'nly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal Court,
By heav'n my wrath ſhall far exceed the love,
I ever bore my daughter or thyſelf:

Be

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence. [*Exit.*
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be baniſh'd from myſelf,
And *Silvia* is myſelf; baniſh'd from her,
Is ſelf from ſelf: a deadly baniſhment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unleſs it be to think, that ſhe is by;
And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no muſic in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!——
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find;
There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine.*
Pro. Valentine,——
Val. No.
Pro. Who then; his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you,—
Pro. I ſay, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val.

Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Silvia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia!*
Hath ſhe forſworn me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me!
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?
Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offered to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more; unleſs the next word, that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;

Beſides,

Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that;
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, tho' not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine!*

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!*

Exeunt Val. *and* Pro.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for ſhe hath had goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her maſter's maid and ſerves for wages; ſhe hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, which is much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *imprimis*, ſhe can fetch and carry; why, a horſe can do no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is ſhe better than a jade. *Item*, ſhe can milk; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior *Launce*? what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea. (12)

Speed.

(12) *With my maſterſhip? why, it is at ſea.*] Theſe poetical Editors are pleaſant Gentlemen to let this paſs without any ſuſpicion.

For

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word; What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fy on thee, jolt-head, thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lyeſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the ſon of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and St. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, ſhe brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *can ſhe ſo?*

Speed. Item, ſhe can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock!

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, *baſtard virtues*: that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

For how does *Launce* miſtake the word? *Speed* aſks him about his maſterſhip, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his maſterſhip at ſea, and on ſhore too? The addition of a letter and a note of *Apoſtrophe* make *Launce* both miſtake the word, and ſets the pun right: It reſtores, indeed, but a mean joke; but, without it, there is no ſenſe in the paſſage. Beſides, it is in character with the reſt of the ſcene; and I dare be confident, the Poet's own conceit.

Speed.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, she is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakaſt: read on.

Speed. Item, she hath a ſweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Speed. Item, she doth talk in her ſleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, she is ſlow in words.

Laun. O villain! that ſet down among her vices! To be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue; I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve's* legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love crufts.

Speed. Item, she is curſt.

Laun. Well; the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, She will often praiſe her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down, ſhe is ſlow of; of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut; now of another thing ſhe may, and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more *than the ſalt; the hair*, that covers the wit, is

more

more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible———

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why did'ſt not tell me ſooner; pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets.—I'll after to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you, Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus?* Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good Lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro.

Pro. A little time, my Lord will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace.
Let me not live to look upon your Grace,
Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my Lord.
Duke. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſeveres ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget,
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?
Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my Lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman:
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my Lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine*, (13)
It follows not, that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio*.

(13) *But ſay, this weed her love*—] This caſt of reaſoning very near reſembles that of *Davus* in the *Andria* of *Terence*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

——— *Ridiculum Caput!*
Quaſi neceſſe ſit, huic non dat, te illam uxorem ducere.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary;
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy.
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poeſy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus*' lute was ſtrung with poets ſinews;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forſake unſounded deeps, to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your Lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet conſort: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This diſcipline ſhews, thou haſt been in love

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently

To ſort ſome Gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſic;
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Foreſt, leading towards *Mantua.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

OUT-LAW.

FEllows, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the villains, that all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,——

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace, we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity;
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona.*

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan.*

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearſe?
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage or baſe treachery.
1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo.
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.
3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Maſter, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain.
2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men:
Myſelf was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteal away a Lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the Duke. (14)

2 *Out.*

(14) *An heir and* niece *ally'd unto the Duke.*] Thus all the impreſſions, from the firſt downwards. But our Poet would never have expreſſed himſelf ſo ſtupidly, as to tell us, this Lady was the Duke's *Niece*, and *ally'd* to him: For her alliance was, certainly, ſufficiently included in the firſt term. Our Author meant to ſay, ſhe was an *heireſs*, and *near ally'd* to the Duke: an expreſſion the moſt natural that can be for the purpoſe and very frequently uſed by the Stage-Poets.

So in *Romeo* and *Juliet*.
'This Gentleman, the Prince's *near ally*.
So in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Sea-Voyage*.
——— yet that we may learn
Whether they are the ſame, or *near ally'd*
To thoſe, that forc'd me to this cruel courſe.

So

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe,
But, to the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape, and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;——
2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you;
Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderneſs?
3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our King.
1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dy'ſt.
2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices,
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, ſhall reſt at thy diſpoſe.

[*Exeunt.*

So in *B. Johnſon's Every Man* out of his *Humour*.
ſome ſuch croſs-wooing, with a clown to their ſervingman, better than to be thus *near* and familiarly *ally'd* to the time.
So in *Law-Tricks*, by *John Day*.
That notwithſtanding my wife's *near alliance*
Under the Duke, I purchas'd a divorce.
And ſo in *Solimán* and *Perſeda*;
Fly, ere the Governor have any news,
Whoſe *near ally* he was, and chief delight.
And in a number of paſſages more, that might be quoted.

SCENE changes to an open Place, under *Silvia's* Apartment, in *Milan*.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. ALready I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio*: now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſic to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, Gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, and Julia *in boy's cloaths.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks, your're allycolly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where

where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the Gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſic.

Hoſt. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is *Silvia?* what is ſhe,
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair and wiſe is ſhe,
The heav'n ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then *Silvia* let us ſing,
Then *Silvia* is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? how do you, man? the muſic likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive, you delight not in muſic.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſic.

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, Often reſort unto this Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce?*

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog, which to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his Lady.

Jul. Peace, ſtand aſide, the Company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will ſo plead, That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. *Gregory*'s well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exe.* Thu. *and Muſic.*

Silvia, *above, at her Window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your Ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſic, Gentlemen: Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, Lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle Lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this, That preſently you hie you home to bed. Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man! Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs, To be ſeduced by thy flattery, That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows? Return, return, and make thy love amends. For me, by this pale Queen of night, I ſwear, I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt, That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;

And,

And, by and by, intend to chide myſelf,
Ev'n for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a Lady;
But ſhe is dead.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroath'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewiſe hear, that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy Lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aſide.*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exe.* Pro. *and* Sil.
Jul. Hoſt, will you go?
Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*
Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Silvia *above, at her Window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladyſhip's command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy Lady, to yourſelf:
According to your Ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a Gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I ſwear, I do not,)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy Lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,
To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a Lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune ſtill reward with plagues:
I do deſire thee, even from a heart

As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me;
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, ſince I know, they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your Ladyſhip:
Good morrow, gentle Lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launce *with his dog.*

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog. (15) I went to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs *Silvia* from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been

(15) *I was ſent to deliver him as a preſent.*—] Honeſt *Launce* is here all along characterizing his dog *Crab*; but that he was not ſent to deliver as a preſent to *Silvia*. The Poet therefore could not be ſo forgetful to make this blunder. *Launce* had loſt his Maſter's dog, and was gone in queſt of him, as we have heard from the *boſt*: and we find *Launce* himſelf preſently confeſſing, that it was ſtolen by the hangman's boy. So having loſt the intended preſent, he *went* to tender his *own dog* inſtead of the other.

hang'd

hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge. He thruſt me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him. Out with the dog, ſays one; what cur is that? ſays another; whip him out ſays the third; hang him up, ſays the Duke. I, having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry do I, quoth he. You do him the more wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of. He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many maſters would do this for their ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the ſtocks for the puddings he hath ſtol'n, otherwiſe he had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for the geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd for't. Thou think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewoman's farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well;
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreſon peaſant,
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd Miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog, you bade me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought *him* back again.

Pro.

Pro. What, did'ſt thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, Sir; the other ſquirrel was ſtol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight:
Away, I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit* Laun.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth;
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs:
(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh low't:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not ſo: I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your Lady *Silvia*:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewith her
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my Lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heav'nly picture.
Your meſſage done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary. [*Exit* Pro.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor Protheus, thou haſt entertain'd

A fox to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him:
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy meſſenger,
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refuſs'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, Madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your Maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.
Jul. Madam, may't pleaſe you to peruſe this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your Ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your maſter's lines;
I know, they're ſtuft with proteſtations,

And

And full of new found-oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your Ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor Gentlewoman, my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well, as I do know myſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks, that *Protheus* hath forſook her.
Jul. I think, ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is;
When ſhe did think, my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſk away;
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Jul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know, ſhe is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus*' perjury and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,

That

That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor Lady! deſolate and left!
I wept myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewel. [*Exit* Sil.
Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know
A virtuous Gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold;
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas! how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture; let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd perriwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine; (16)
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come; and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd:
And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

(16) *Her eyes are grey as* graſs.] Mr. *Rowe* and Mr *Pope*'s editi for what reaſon I know not, vary from the old copies, which h rightly, *glaſs*. So *Chaucer*, in the character of his Prioreſs;

Full ſemely her wimple pinchid was,
Her noſe was tretes, her eyen grey as glaſs.

ACT V.

SCENE, near the *Friar's* Cell, in *Milan.*

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick's* cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time:
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See, where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the Abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.
Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,

"Black

"Black men are pearls in beauteous Ladies eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out Ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aſide.*

Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love and peace?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice.

Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould own them.

Pro. That they are out by leaſe.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Proteus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then
She's fled unto that peaſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At *Patrick*'s cell this ev'n, and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot.

That

That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit* Duke.
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her:
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*
Than for the love of reckleſs *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE changes to the *Foreſt*.

Enter Silvia *and* Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we muſt bring you to our Captain.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman, that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him.
Go thou with her to th' weſt-end of the wood,
There is our captain: follow him, that's fled.
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.
Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE, the *Outlaw's* Cave in the *Foreſt*.

Enter Valentine.

Val. HOW uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.

O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.
What hallo'ing, and what ſtir is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chaſe,
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you.
(Tho' you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love,
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I'm ſure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear?
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*
Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence.
[*Aſide.*
Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more.
Pro. What dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,

When

When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou then didſt rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a ſoldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love; force ye.
Sil. Oh heav'n!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For ſuch is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me. Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus*,
I'm ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time, moſt accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt

Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy,

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me ſee:
This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia*?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt raiment: if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love.——
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s with a conſtant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let

Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity, two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs, heav'n, I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
The baniſh'd *Valentine?*
Duke. Sir *Valentine?*
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia:* and *Silvia*'s mine.
Val. Thurio, give back; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,——
Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands, (17)
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love,—
Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,

(17) Verona *ſhall not hold thee.*] Thus all the editions, but, whether, thro' the miſtake of the firſt Editors, or the Poet's own careleſſneſs, this reading is abſurdly faulty. For the threat here is to *Thurio*, who is a *Milaneſe*; and has no concerns, as it appears, with *Verona*. Beſides, the ſcene is betwixt the confines of *Milan*, and *Mantua*, to which *Silvia* follows *Valentine*, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon theſe circumſtances, I ventur'd to adjuſt the text, as I imagine, the Poet muſt have intended: i. e. Milan, *thy country, ſhall never ſee thee again*: thou ſhalt never live to *go back thither*,

To

To which I thus ſubſcribe; Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy Lord.
Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your Grace to ſmile.
What think you of this page, my Lord?
Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you, my Lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

Gravelot inv. et del. G. Vandergucht sculp.

va. 209.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir John Falſtaff.
Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, in Love with Mrs.* Ann Page.
Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*
Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*
Mr. Page, } *Two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*
Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *Sharpers, attending on* Falſtaff.
Nym, }
Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.
William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.
Simple, *Servant to* Slender.
Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.
Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.
Mrs. Ann Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in Lov* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, *Windſor:* and the Parts adjacent.

THE

THE

(1) MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE, before *Page*'s Houſe in *Windſor*.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſuade me not; I will make a *Star-chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſq; *Slen.* In the county of *Glouceſter*, juſtice of peace, and *Coram.*

(1) *The* Merry Wives *of* Windſor.] Queen *Elizabeth* was ſo well pleas'd with the admirable character of *Falſtaff* in the Two Parts of *Henry* IV, that, as Mr. *Rowe* informs us, ſhe commanded *Shakeſpeare* to continue it for one play more, and to ſhew him in love. To this command we owe this comedy of the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*: which, Mr. *Gildon* ſays, he was very well aſſur'd our Author finiſh'd in a fortnight. But this muſt be meant only, as Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this comedy, printed in 1619. The notice of a play, publiſh'd ſeventeen years after Queen *Elizabeth*'s death, does no ways come in ſupport of the tradition, that it was perform'd for that Princeſs's entertainment. But I have another old quarto edition of this comedy, (which I preſume Mr. *Pope* never ſaw;) printed in 1602; which ſays in the title page—— *As it hath been diverſe times acted both* before her Majeſty *and elſe where.* The reader will find the title of this old play at length, in my *catalogue of editions prefix'd* to this work.

Shal. Ay, couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman born, maſter parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventute, prings good diſcretions with it: there is *Ann Page*, (2) which is daughter to maſter *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

(2) ——— *which is daughter to maſter* Thomas Page.] The whole ſet of editions have negligently blunder'd one after another in *Page*'s chriſtian name in this place; tho' Mrs. Page calls him *George* afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral paſſages.

Slen.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Ann Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grandſire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter *Abraham* and miſtreſs *Ann Page.*

Slen. Did her grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page*, is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lye? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for maſter *Page.* What, hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's bleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice Shallow; and here's young maſter *Slender*; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good miſtreſs *Page?* and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale.*

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke, as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page.*

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwered.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching raſcals, *Bardolph, Nym*, and *Piſtol.*

Bar.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter!

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus?*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca:* ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, maſter *Page*; *fidelicet*, maſter *Page*; and there is myſelf; *fidelicet*, myſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine hoſt of the garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot? I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtol, ——

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, he hears with ears? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel boards, that coſt me two ſhillings and two-pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! — Sir *John*, and maſter mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe: (3)
Word

(3) I *combat challenge of this* Latin *bilboe.*] Our modern Editors have diſtinguiſh'd this word, *Latin*, in *Italic* characters, as if it was addreſs'd to Sir *Hugh*, and meant to call him *pedantic blade*, on account of his being a ſchoolmaſter, and teaching *Latin*. But I'll be bold to ſay, in this they do not take the Poet's conceit. *Piſtol* barely calls Sir *Hugh* mountain foreigner, becauſe he had interpoſed in the diſpute: but then immediately demands the combat of *Slender*, for having charg'd him with picking his pocket. The old *quartos* wrote it *latten*, as it ſhould be, in the common characters: And as a proof that the *author deſign'd* this ſhould be addreſs'd to Slender, Sir Hugh *does not there interpoſe* one word in the quarrel. But what then

Word of denial in thy *Labra*'s here.
Word of denial; froth and scum, thou ly'st.

signifies——*latten bilbo?* Why, *Pistol* seeing *Slender* such a slim, puny, wight; would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is call'd *latten:* and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc.* Monsieur *Dacier*, upon this verse in *Horace*'s Epistle *de Arte Poetica*,

Tibia non ut nunc orichalco *vincta, &c.*

says, *Est une espece de cuivre de montagne, comme son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons aujour'd'huy du* leton. "It is a sort of "mountain-copper, as it's very name imports, and which we at this "time of day call *latten.*" *Scaliger* upon *Festus* had said the same thing. The Metalists tell us, it is copper mingled with *lapis calaminaris.* The learned part of my readers will forgive me, if I attempt the correction of a passage in *Hesychius*, upon the subject of *orichalc*, which has been tamper'd with, but not cur'd, I think, to satisfaction. Ὀρείχαλκος, χαλκός, χρυσῷ εἰκῶς ἢ κρήνη ἀρχὴ χαλκός. (In the first place, the series and order of *Hesychius* shew he meant to write his theme, Ὀρίχαλκος, without the diphthong.) *Sopingius* has conjectured, the last word should be αὐρίχαλκος. But what then has κρήνη to do here? *Orichalcum* does not signify a fountain; nor does *Vibius Sequester*, or any body else to my knowledge, tell us of any fountain, lake, or spring, that bore such a name. Perhaps, the whole should be thus pointed and reform'd: Ὀρίχαλκος, χαλκὸς χρυσῷ ἐοικῶς ἢ κράμα τι ἀρχὴ χαλκός. *Orichalcum, æs auri æmulum: vel compositum quoddam; principium cujus, æs.* Orichalc, a sort of brass like gold; or a compound metal, the foundation of which was brass. *Stephanus, de urbibus*, tells us of a stone produc'd at *Andeira*, which, mingled with brass, became *orichalc.* ΚΡΑΘΕΊΣ χαλκῷ, Ὀρείχαλκος γίγνεται. *Strabo*, is the foundation for what *Stephanus* says; who, speaking of this stone, adds, If it be burnt with a certain earth, it melts to a counterfeit silver: which earth, having brass mingled with it, comes to that compounded metal which some call *orichalc.* ἢ προσλαβοῦσα χαλκὸν τὸ καλούμενον γίνεται ΚΡΑ'ΜΑ ὅτινες ὀρείχαλκον καλοῦσι. The old glossaries likewise have, *aurichalca*, κραμάτινα: which *Junius* in his book *de pictura veterum*, corrects to ΚΡΑ'ΜΑΤΙ: But *Martinius*, I find, disapproves of the correction. These quotations, I think, are somewhat in support of the conjecture I have offer'd. A word to the passage quoted from *Strabo*, and I shall dismiss this criticism. *Casaubon* very justly objects to the tautology of τὸ καλούμενον, & ὅτινες καλοῦσι. He thinks, either something is wanting after καλούμενον: or that it should be expung'd. If I am not mistaken, *Strabo* might have wrote, with the change only of one letter, τὸ καλὸν μὲν ὂν γίνεται κράμα, *perpulchra quidem fit mixtura:* i. e. a most beautiful compound is produced. The *orichalc*, we know, was so bright a metal, that, as *Isidore* says, it had the splendor of gold, and the hardness of brass: and Pliny tells us, it was put under some chrysolites, as a foil, to assist their lustre.

Slen.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap, with you, if you run the baſe humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, *Scarlet* and *John?*

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the Gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fy, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being ſap, Sir, was as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick; if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Miſtreſs Ann Page, *with wine.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit.* Ann Page.

Slen. O heav'n! this is miſtreſs *Ann Page.*

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford,* by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exe.* Fal. Page, *&c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans, *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book *of ſongs and ſonnets here.*

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles? why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* (4) upon *All-hallowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Martlemas?*

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you, coz; marry this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here; do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it? the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the

(4) *Upon* Allhallowmas *laſt, a fortnight afore* Michaelmas.] Sure, *Simple*'s a little out in his reckoning. *Allhallowmas* is almoſt five weeks after *Michaelmas*. But may it not be urg'd, it is deſign'd, *Simple* ſhould appear thus ignorant, to keep up character? I think, not. The ſimpleſt creatures, (nay, even naturals) generally are very preciſe in the knowledge of feſtivals, and marking how the ſeaſons run: And therefore I have ventur'd to ſuſpect, our Poet wrote *Martlemas*, as the vulgar call it; which is near a fortnight after *All-Saints* day, i. e. eleven days, both incluſive.

mind: therefore precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slend. I hope, Sir; I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lord and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: (5) I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fall is in th' ort *dissolutely*: the ort is, according to our meaning, *resolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter Mistress Ann Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress *Ann*: would I were young for your sake, mistress *Ann*.

Ann. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

(5) *I hope, upon familiarity will grow more* content.] Certainly the Editors in their sagacity have murder'd a jest here. It is design'd, no doubt, that *Slender* should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved* and *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely*; but to make him say, on the present occasion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, instead of *contempt*, is disarming the sentiment of all its *salt* and *humour*, and disappointing the audience of a reasonable cause for laughter.

Shal.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs *Ann.*

Eva. Od's pleſſed will, I will not be abſence at the grace. [*Exe.* Shallow *and* Evans.

Ann. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth heartily; I am very well.

Ann. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth. Go, ſirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin *Shallow:* [*Exit* Simple.] a juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Ann. I may not go in without your worſhip; they will not ſit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Ann. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th' other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' th' town?

Ann. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in *England.* You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Ann. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſt: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Pag. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender,* come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come; come. *Slen.*

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Ann*, yourſelf ſhall go firſt.

Ann. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Ann. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome; you do yourſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and aſk of doctor *Caius*'s houſe which is the way; and there dwells one Mrs. *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a o'man that altogethers acquaintance with miſtreſs *Ann Page*; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſolicit your maſter's deſires to Mrs. *Ann Page:* I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

Fal. MINE hoſt of the garter ———

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock; ſpeak ſchollarly and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſet at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap; ſaid I well, bully *Hector?*

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter: go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the ſpigot weild?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unſkilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conycatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Piſtol:* indeed, I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir* John Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, and tranſlated her well; out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal.

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious Iliads; ſometimes, the beam of her view gilded my foot; ſometimes, my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Nym. I thank you for that humour.

Fal. O, ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too; (6) ſhe is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to miſtreſs *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become;
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, ſirrah, bear you theſe letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to thoſe golden ſhores. [*To* Robin.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;

(6) *She is a region in* Guiana, *all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true, (as, I doubt not, but it is) of this play being wrote at Queen *Elizabeth*'s command; this paſſage, perhaps, may furniſh a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of *Guiana*, then ſo lately diſcover'd to the *Engliſh*, was a very happy compliment to Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who did not begin his expedition for *South America* till 1595, and return'd from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of *Guiana*. Such an addreſs of the Poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impreſſion on the people, when the intelligence of ſuch a golden country was freſh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immenſe gain.

Trudge,

Trudge, plod away o' th' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack!
Falſtaff will learn the humour of the age, (7)
French thrift, you rogues; myſelf, and ſkirted page.
[*Exe.* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

Piſt. Let vultures gripe thy guts; for gourd, and
Fullam holds:
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk!*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to *Ford.*

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold,
How *Falſtaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon; (8) I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs;

(7) Falſtaff *will learn the* honour *of the age.*] What was this *honour*, which he was to learn? Frugality? the retrenching his expences, and keeping only a *boy* to wait on him. Had the Editors been cut out for *Callators*, they might have obſerv'd the old quartos read, *the* humour *of the age*, i. e. the frugal faſhion of the times. So in *Much Ado about Nothing.*

The *faſhion* of the world is to *avoid coſt*, and you encounter it. And *honour* and *humour*, I have obſerv'd, are very often reciprocally miſtaken for one another in old *Engliſh* plays.

(8) *I will poſſeſs him with* jealouſies, *for* this *revolt of* mine *is dangerous:*] This is the reading of the modern editions; the old copies have it *yellowneſs*; i. e. the ſymptom of jealouſy. So *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*, ſpeaking of *Claudio*'s having jealous ſuſpicions, ſays:

The Count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well; but *civil*, Count; *civil*, as an *orange*; and ſomething of that *jealous complexion.*

Again, *This revolt of mine*, &c. If *Nym* ſpeaks this of himſelf, he ſpeaks very improperly, to call it a revolt, when he is diſcarded by

yellowneſs; for the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I ſecond thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Dr. *Caius*'s Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quick. WHAT, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quick. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worſt fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but nobody but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple*, you ſay, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter *Slender*'s your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

his maſter. The old copies read, as I have reſtor'd in the text: and the *revolt* of *mine*, I take to ſignify the *change* of *complexion*. And then *Nym* muſt mean, I will make him ſo jealous, till he changes colour with its working; and then it will break out into ſome violent effects, that will be dangerous to *Falſtaff*. For *mine* (or *mien*, as it is more generally written,) does not only ſignify, the *air*, *geſture*, and *bearing* of any perſon; but likewiſe the *look* and *turn* of *countenance*; *aris ſpecies*; *nativa vultus compoſitio*: ——— *Viſage bon, ou mauvais, qu'on fait paroitre aux gens ſelon qu'ils nous plaiſent*, &c. as *Richelet* explains it: that look, or turn of countenance, which we ſhew to people, according as they pleaſe us, or not. Our Author, in other places, takes notice of the change of colour to be a ſymptom of anger, envy, *&c. as it certainly is in nature*, according to the ſpring *of that paſſion which excites it.*

Sim.

Sim. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, (9) a *Cain*-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n ſend *Ann Page* no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon *Evans*, I will do what I can for your maſter: *Ann* is a good girl, and I wiſh—

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas: here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*ſhuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* what, *John*, I ſay; go, *John*, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a*, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a-green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad, he went not in himſelf; if he had found the man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foi, il fait fort chaud; je me'n vai à la cour—la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly; ver is dat knave *Rugby?*

(9) *A* cane-*colour'd* beard.] Thus the latter Editions. I have reſtor'd with the old copies. Cain and Judas, in the tapeſtries and pictures of old, were repreſented with yellow beards.

Quic.

Quic. What, *John Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me: *Que ay je oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *diable, diable!* vat is in my cloſet? villaine, *Larron! Rugby*, my rapier. [*Pulls* Simple *out of the cloſet.*

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man, dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, ſpeak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman, your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs *Ann Page* for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, (10) *baillez* me ſome paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

(10) Ballow *me ſome paper*;] Thus all the editions hitherto: and, I ſuppoſe, the Editors thought this a deſign'd corruption of the word *borrow*. But are we to imagine the Poet's *doctor* had not a ſcrap of paper in his houſe, but muſt ſend out to borrow ſome? As *Caius* is repreſented a *Frenchman*, and generally ſpeaks half *French*, half *Engliſh*, it is much more probable to believe our Author wrote, *baillez* me ſome paper, *i. e.* fetch, bring, give me ſome. So the *French* ſay, *baillez la main, give me your hand; bailler, une oeillade*, to give one the *wink, &c.*

Quic.

Quic. I am glad, he is ſo quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly: but notwithſtanding, man, I'll do for your maſter what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* Doctor my maſter, (I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myſelf.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o' that? you ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs *Ann Page*; but, notwithſtanding that, I know *Ann*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make —— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-a-me, dat I ſhall have *Ann Page* for myſelf? by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon; by gar, I will myſelf have *Ann Page*.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me;——by gar, if I have not *Ann Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door;——follow my heels, *Rugby*.

[*Exe.* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fools-head of your own. No, I know *Ann*'s mind for that; never a woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Ann*'s mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic.

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better, that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Ann?*

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you: have not your worſhip a wart-above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing; but for you—Well — go to—

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day; hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worſhip. Truly, an honeſt gentleman, but *Ann* loves him not; I know *Ann*'s mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, before *Page*'s Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Page, *with a letter.*

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I 'ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee:

"Aſk me no reaſon, why I love you; for tho' love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy; you love ſack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs *Page*, at the leaſt if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me:

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. *John Falſtaff.*"

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhew himſelf a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pick't, i'th'devil's name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, I'll exhibit (11) a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat

(11) — *a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men:*] What, *Mrs. Page*, put down the whole ſpecies uniuſ ob noxam, for a ſingle offender?

fat men: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford!* theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone

offender's treſpaſs? Don't be ſo unreaſonable in your anger. But 'tis a falſe charge againſt you. I am perſuaded, a ſhort monoſyllable is dropt out, which, once reſtored, would qualify the matter. We muſt neceſſarily read,—*for the putting down of* fat *men.*—Mrs. *Ford* ſays, in the very enſuing ſcene, *I ſhall think the worſe of* fat *men, as long as I have an eye*, &c. And in the old Quartos, Mrs. *Page*, ſo ſoon as ſhe has read the letter, ſays, *Well, I ſhall truſt* fat *men the worſe, while I live, for his ſake*: And he is call'd, the *fat* Knight, the *greaſy* Knight, by the women, throughout the Play.

to

to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleves*. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tun of oil in his belly, a'ſhore at *Windſor?* how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different names; nay, more; and theſe are of the ſecond edition; he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lie under mount *Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew ſome ſtain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will conſent to act any villainy againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty: oh, that my huſband ſaw this letter! it would *give eternal* food to his jealouſy.

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealouſy, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that I hope, is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſy Knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtail-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Actæon*, he, with Ringwood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir corporal *Nym.*———
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe. [*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out for *Falſtaff*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. (12) I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the prieſt o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Mrs. Page *and Mrs.* Ford *come forwards.*

Page. How now, *Meg!*

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George?* hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George?* Look, who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paltry Knight.

(12) *I will not believe ſuch a* Cataian, *tho'*, &c.] This is a piece of ſatire, that did not want its force at the time of the play's appearing; tho' the hiſtory, on which it is grounded, is become obſolete, and loſt to general knowledge. In the year 1575, Captain *Martin Frobiſher* (who was afterwards knighted, for ſervices againſt the *Spaniſh* Armada;) being furniſh'd with adventurers to the project, ſet out upon his diſcovery of a paſſage to *Cataia*, near *China*, by the North-weſt ſeas. Having ſail'd ſixty degrees North-weſt beyond *Frieſland*, he came to land upon a place inhabited by ſavages, from whence he brought a piece of black ſtone, like ſea-coal, which, upon his return, being aſſayed by the goldſmiths, was judg'd to be very rich in gold-ore. This encourag'd him to a ſecond voyage thither the next ſeaſon; when he freighted two veſſels home with this black ſtone: and in 1578, his project was ſo riſen in credit, that he ſet ſail a third time with fifteen good ſhips; and freighted them all, homewards, out of the ſaid mines. But, to ſee the odd fate that too often attends ſuch diſcoveries! Tho' the proſpect of immenſe treaſures was at firſt ſo plauſible, that it was given out with certainty, *Cataia* was *Solomon's Ophir*; yet, on a ſevere trial, this boaſted gold ore proved to be mere droſs: and that falling ſhort of the expected value, and the adventurers of their expected gains, the project fell ſo low in repute, that *Cataians* and *Frobiſhers* became by-words for ſuch vain boaſters, as promis'd more than they could make out, and therefore deſerv'd not to be credited.

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to ſee my daughter *Ann?*

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Ann?*

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exe. Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Mrs.* Quic.

Page. How now, maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but theſe, that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the *Garter?*

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Hoſt of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How now, mine Hoſt?

Enter Hoſt *and* Shallow.

Hoſt. How now, bully *Rock?* thou'rt a gentleman, cavalerio-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoſt, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good maſter *Page.* Maſter *Page,* will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavaliero-juſtice; tell him, bully *Rock.*

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* prieſt, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Rock?*

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, (13) and tell him my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Brook.* It is a merry Knight. (14) Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good ſkill in his rapier.

(13) *And tell him, my name is* Brook;] Thus both the old *Quartos*; and thus moſt certainly the Poet wrote. We need no better evidence, than the pun that *Falſtaff* anon makes on the name, when *Brook* ſends him ſome burnt ſack.

Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that overflow with ſuch liquor.

The Players, in their editions, alter'd the name to *Broom*: But how far that name will ſort with that jeſt, is ſubmitted to common ſenſe. Their ſucceſſors; however, of the ſtage (like the old prieſt, who had read *mumpſimus* in his breviary, inſtead of *ſumpſimus*, too long to think of altering it;) continue to this day to call him, maſter *Broom.*

(14) *Will you go* an-heirs?] I can make nothing of this reading, which hath poſſeſs'd all the editions. The word is not to be traced: and, conſequently, I am apt to ſuſpect, muſt be corrupted. I ſhould think, the Hoſt meant to ſay, either,

Will you go *on here?*

Pointing out the way, which was to lead them to the combatants; as he afterwards ſays, Here, boys *here, here: ſhall we wag? Or,*

Will you go, *myn-heers?*

i. e. my maſters; both theſe make plain ſenſe; and are not remote from the traces of the text: but, without ſome ſuch alteration, the paſſage ſeems utterly unintelligible to me.

Shal.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoccados, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with my long ſword, I would have made you four tall fellows ſkip like rats.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow and *Page*.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a ſecure fool, (15) and ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's fealty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to ſound *Falſtaff*: If I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd. [*Exit*.

SCENE changes to the *Garter-Inn*.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a-penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine oyſter, which I with ſword will open. —— I will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows. And when miſtreſs *Bridget* loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

(15) *And ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's* frailty,] No, ſurely; *Page* ſtood tightly to the opinion of her honeſty, and would not entertain a thought of her being *frail*. I have therefore ventur'd to ſubſtitute a word *correſpondent* to the ſenſe requir'd; and one, which our *Poet frequently uſes, to ſignify conjugal faith.*

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: (16) go, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your manor of *Pickt hatch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you ſtand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconce your rags, your cat a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phraſes, and your bold-beating oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay,——

(16) *Go, a ſhort knife, and a* thong,] All the old copies have it *throng*: as I believe, the Author deſign'd; i. e. a ſhort knive and a croud, the two requiſites for a pick-pocket. *Pickt-hatch*, as we may find by many places in *Ben Johnſon*, was a noted harbour for *thieves* and *ſtrumpets*.

Quic.

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? heav'n bleſs them, and make them his ſervants.

Fal. Well: miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, Lord, your worſhip's a wanton; well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, come miſtreſs *Ford*——

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all muſk; and ſo ruſsling, I warrant you, in ſilk, and gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay, but in the way of honeſty; and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good She-*Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notify, that her huſband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and Eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: maſter *Ford*, her *huſband, will* be from home. Alas! the ſweet

woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealouſy-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and Eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip; miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's a fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you,) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other; and ſhe bade me tell your worſhip, that her huſband is ſeldom from home, but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford*'s wife, and *Page*'s wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed; they have not ſo little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves: her huſband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. Never a wife in *Windſor* leads a better life, than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, truly, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both; there's my purſe, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. This news diſtracts me.

[*Exe.* Quick *and* Robin.

Piſt. This punk is one of *Cupid*'s carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with with your fights:
Give fire! ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Piſtol.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack?* go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them ſay, 'tis groſly done; ſo be it, fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one maſter *Brook* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* Bardolph.] Such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! miſtreſs *Ford* and miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* Ford *diſguis'd.*

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook*.

Fal. Good maſter *Brook*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in *better plight for a lender* than you are, the which hath

ſomething emboldened me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good ſoldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money, here, troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter *Brook*, I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a ſcholar; (I will be brief with you;) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfections; but good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier; ſith you yourſelf know, how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her huſband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating obſervance; ingroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſued me, which hath been on the wing on all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to ſay this;

"*Love like* a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;
"*Purſuing* that that flies, and flying what purſues."

Fal.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too too, ſtrongly embattel'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John*?

Fal.

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will firſt make bold with you, money; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O good, Sir!

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs *Ford*, maſter *Brook*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came into me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me; I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her huſband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not; yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeems to me well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical-ſalt-butter-rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Maſter *Brook*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant; and thou ſhalt lie with his wife: Come to me ſoon at night; *Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: thou, maſter *Brook*, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* raſcal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſy? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? ſee the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this

this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* ſounds well, *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are devils additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an aſs, a ſecure aſs, he will truſt his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my *aquavitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealouſy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it: better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fy, fy, fy; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Windſor-Park.*

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. JACK *Rugby!*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir; he knew, your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not ſo dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear: here's company.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully-doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopean?* Is he dead, my *Franciſco?* ha, bully? what ſays my *Æſculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack*-prieſt of de vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtalion-king-Urinal: Hector* of *Greece,* my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two or tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: Is it not true, maſter *Page?*

Page. Maſter *Shallow,* you have yourſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page,* tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are juſtices, and doctors, and churchmen, Mr. *Page,* we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, Mr. *Page.*

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow.*

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page.* Mr. Doctor *Caius,* I am come to fetch you home: I am ſworn of the peace: you have ſhew'd yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhewn himſelf a wiſe and patient church-man: you muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt-juſtice; a word, monſieur mock-water.

Caius.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Engliſhman*, ſcurvy-jack-dog-prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully: but firſt, Mr. *Gueſt*, and Mr. *Page*, and eke *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there; ſee, what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exe.* Page, Shal. *and* Slen.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to *Ann Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die; but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Miſtreſs *Ann Page* is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her. (17) Try'd game, ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good gueſt; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

(17) *And thou ſhalt* woo *her*. Cride-Game.] Thus the old *folios*. The quartos with a little difference. *And thou ſhalt* wear *her* cry'd game. *Said I well?* Neither of the readings furniſh any idea; nor can be genuine. *Try'd game*, as I have reſtor'd it, may well ſignify; Thou old cock of the game; thou experienced ſinner: and might be reaſonably applied to *Caius*, who was an old bachelor, and had dame *Quickly* for his houſekeeper.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy adverſary toward *Ann Page:* ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *Frogmore* near *Windſor.*

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

EVANS.

I Pray you now, good maſter *Slender's* ſervingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſic?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-ward*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of collars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me, how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls (18)
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;

(18) *By ſhallow rivers,*] The ſtanza, which Sir *Hugh* repeats here, is part of a ſweet little ſonnet of our Author's, and printed among his poems, called, The *Paſſionate Shepherd* to his *Love.* MILTON was ſo enamour'd with this poem, and the *Nymph's* reply to it, that he has borrow'd the cloſe of his *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penſeroſo* from *them*——I don't know, whether it has been generally obſerv'd, but *it is* with wonderful humour, in his ſinging, that Sir Hugh intermixes with his madrigal the firſt line of the 137th ſinging pſalm.

The,

There will we make our peds of roſes;
And a thouſand fragrant poſies;

By ſhallow —— 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſitions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigalls* —— *When as I ſat in Pabilon*; —— *and a thouſand vagrant poſes.* —— *By ſhallow*, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls* ——

Heav'n proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter Parſon? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, ſweet *Ann Page*

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend Gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page.

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief your ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave, beſides; a cowardly knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet *Ann Page!*

Enter Hoſt, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons: keep them aſunder; here comes Dr. *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word with your ear: wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humours: I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine Hoſt *de Jarterre*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch* ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. *Am* I politic? am I ſubtle? am I a Machiavel? ſhall I loſe

I loſe my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terreſtrial; ſo: Give me thy hand, celeſtial: ſo, Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your ſkins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Ann Page!*

[*Exe.* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-deſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-ſtog. I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this ſame ſcald-ſcurvy-cogging companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promiſe to bring me where is *Ann Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Street, in *Windſor.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *and* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* NAY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford.

Ford, Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company; I think if your huſbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page*. Be ſure of that, two other huſbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page*. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my huſband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaff*.

Ford. Sir *John Falſtaff*?

Mrs. *Page*. He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page*. By your leave, Sir; I am ſick, 'till I ſee her. [*Exeunt*. *Mrs*. Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure, they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind: and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrowed vail of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff*: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

To him; Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans, *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knot; I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Ann*, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Ann Page* and my couſin *Slender*, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father *Page.*

Page. You have Mr. *Slender*; I ſtand wholly for you; but my wife, maſter Doctor, is for you altogether.

Cai. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nurſh-a-*quickly* tell me ſo much.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he hath eyes of youth, he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, he ſmells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you: the Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild prince and *Poinz*: he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance. If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſide, your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Mr. Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, Mr. *Page*; and you, Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well: we ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honeſt knight *Falſtaff*, and drink canary with him.

Ford. I think, I ſhall drink in pipe-wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this, monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Ford*'s Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *and Servants with a baſket.*

Mrs. *Ford.* WHAT, *John*, what, *Robert!*

Mrs. *Page.* Quickly, quickly; is the buck baſket——

Mrs. *Ford.* I warrant. What, *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford.* Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page.* Give your men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call you, come forth, and without any pauſe or ſtaggering take this baſket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in *Datchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch cloſe by the *Thames*-ſide.

Mrs. *Page.* You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Here comes little *Robin.*

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, my eyes-muſket, what news with you?

Rob. My maſter, Sir *John*, is come in at your back-door, Miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a taylor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy Maſter, I am alone; Miſtreſs *Page*, remember your cue. [*Exit.* Robin.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watery pumpion—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. *Ford*. O sweet Sir *John!*

Fal. Mrs. *Ford*, I cannot cog; I cannot prate; Mistress *Ford*: now shall I sin in my wish. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. *Ford*. I your Lady, Sir *John?* alas, I should be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any *Venetian* attire.

Mrs. *Ford*. A plain kerchief, Sir *John*: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee. Come I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Berry* in simpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. *Ford*. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear, you love Mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by

the *Counter*-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Miſtreſs *Ford*, Miſtreſs *Ford*, here's Miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman. [Falſtaff *hides himſelf.*

Enter Mrs. Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. *Page.* O Miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? you're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the matter, good Miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a day, Miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion.

Mrs. *Ford.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. *Page.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion? out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* Speak louder—[*Aſide.*] 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray heav'n it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain, your huſband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd,

call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What ſhall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand; bethink you of ſome conveyance, in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a baſket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. *Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page.* What! Sir *John Falſtaff?* are theſe your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away, let me creep in here: I'll never——

[*He goes into the baſket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. *Page.* Help to cover your Maſter, boy: call your men, Miſtreſs *Ford.* You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landreſs in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh myſelf of the

buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the baſket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys: aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt. So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford,* be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter *Page.* Up, Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France.* ——

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Miſtreſs Page *and Mrs.* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket?

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid, he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal; I would all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think, my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff:* his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, Miſtreſs *Quickly,* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page.* We'll do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow by eight-o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page.* Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford.* I, I; peace:—You uſe me well, maſter *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page.* You do yourſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heav'n forgive my ſins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, Mr. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor Caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page:* I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mrs. *Page*; I pray you, pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a the turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow of the lousy knave, mine hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Page*'s Houſe.

Enter Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Ann Page.

Fent. I See, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

Ann. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou muſt be thyſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Ann. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Ann:*
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyſelf
That now I aim at.

Ann. Gentle Mr. *Fenton,*
Yet ſeek my father's love: ſtill ſeek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit (19)
Cannot attain it, why then—— hark you hither.

[Fenton *and Mrs.* Ann *go apart.*

(19) *If* opportunity *and humbleſt ſuit*] Dr. *Thirlby* imagines, that our Author with more propriety wrote;

If *importunity* and humbleſt ſuit

I have not ventur'd to diſturb the text, becauſe, tho' an equal exactneſs be not maintain'd in the expreſſion, it may mean, "If the frequent opportunities you find of ſoliciting my father, and your obſequiouſneſs to him, cannot get him over to your party," *&c.*

Enter

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't; 'd'ſlid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me: I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

Ann. I come to him. —This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good maſter *Fenton?* pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Ann*; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Ann* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Ann*, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Glouceſterſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a ſquire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Ann. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; ſhe calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Ann. Now, maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs *Ann*.

Ann. *What is your will?*

Slen. *My will?* od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed,

indeed, I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heav'n praiſe.

Ann. I mean Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may aſk your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, maſter *Slender:* love him, daughter *Ann.*
—Why how now? what does maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is diſpoſed of.

Fent. Nay, maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter *Fenton.*
Come, maſter *Shallow*; come, ſon *Slender*, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter *Fenton.*
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to miſtreſs *Page.*

Fent. Good miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Ann. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter Doctor.

Ann. Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'th' earth,
And bowl'd to death with turneps.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, trouble not yourſelf, good maſter *Fenton.*
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,

And

And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel, Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs.* Page *and* Ann.

Fent. Farewel, gentle miſtreſs; farewel, *Nan.*

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician? look on maſter *Fenton:* this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my ſweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*

Quic. Now heav'n ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs *Ann*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promiſ'd: and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the *Garter-Inn.*

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, I ſay.
Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack, put a toaſt in't. [*Exit* Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd in a baſket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and be thrown into the *Thames?* well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river, with as little remorſe (20) as they would

(20) *As they would have drown'd a* blind bitch's *puppies.*] I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe the adjective here, againſt the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horſes, a colt from a blind ſtallion loſes much of the value it might otherwiſe have; but are *puppies* ever *drown'd the ſooner, for* coming from a *blind* bitch? Two other paſſages in our Author countenance the tranſpoſition I have made.

would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' th' litter; and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the ſack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in woman.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices; go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf: I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs *Ford.*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford?* I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Launce, in 2 Gent. of *Verona*.

——One, that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his *blind* brothers and ſiſters went to it.

And, Iago, in *Othello*:

Come, be a man; drown thyſelf? drown cats and blind puppies.

Quic.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yarn your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine, I muſt carry her word quickly; ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, begone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter *Brook*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, maſter *Brook*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lye to you; I was at her houſe, the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter; after we had embraced, kiſs'd, proteſted, and as it were ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it,

comes in one miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and by her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-baſket; ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter *Brook*, what I have ſuffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who aſk'd them once or twice what they had in their baſket; I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the ſequel, maſter *Brook*; I ſuffered the pangs of three egregious deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to compaſs'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a *Dutch* diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have

have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*; master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master *Ford*, awake; awake, master *Ford*; there's a hole made in your best coat, master *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible, he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box. But, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Page*'s House.

Enter Mistress Page, *Mistress* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. Page.

IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes;

comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no ſchool to-day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart.

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my huſband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is, *Fair, William?*

Will. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity o'man; I pray you, Peace. What is, *Lapis, William?*

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, *William?*

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William*: what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *ſingulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nomativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you mark: *genitivo, hujus*: well, and what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, hinc.

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, child; *accuſative, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, o'man. What is the *focative caſe, William?*

Will. O, *vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative* is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. *Page.* Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural, William?*

Will. Genitive caſe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, horum, harum, horum.

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Ginyes* caſe; fy on her; never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, o'man.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fy upon you!

Eva. O'man, art thou lunacies? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſire.

Mrs. *Page.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you muſt be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better ſcholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh.* Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Ford's* Houſe.

Enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Fal. MIſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth;

not

not only, miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. *Ford.* He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page.* [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

Mrs. *Ford.* Step into th' chamber, Sir *John*.

Exit Falſtaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. *Page.* How now, ſweet heart, who's at home beſides yourſelf?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why none but mine own people.

Mrs. *Page.* Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford.* No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why?

Mrs. *Page.* Why, woman, your huſband is in his old lunes again; he ſo takes on yonder with my huſband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind, ſo curſes all *Eve*'s daughters, of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page.* Of none but him; and ſwears, he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a baſket; proteſts to my huſband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion; but I am glad, the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford.* How near is he, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Hard by, at ſtreet's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford.* I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, then thou art utterly ſham'd, and *he's but* a dead man. What a woman are you? away

with him, away with him; better ſhame than murder.

Mrs. *Ford.* Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? ſhall I put him into the baſket again?

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' baſket; may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! alas! three of maſter *Ford's* brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came; but what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word; neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas-the day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*; miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you *ſtraight; put on the* gown the while. [Exit Falſtaff.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would, my huſband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*: he ſwears, ſhe's a witch, forbade her my houſe, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy huſband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay, in good ſadneſs is he; and talks of the baſket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the baſket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him diſhoneſt varlet, we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, Sirs, take the baſket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. *Page* and Mrs. *Ford.*

Enter Servants with the baſket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as leaf bear ſo much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? ſet down the baſket, villain; ſomebody call my wife: youth in a baſket! oh you panderly raſcals, there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me; now ſhall the devil

devil be ſham'd. What! wife, I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes, maſter *Ford.*—you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, maſter *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*; miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her huſband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen face; hold it out: come forth, ſirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the baſket.*

Page. This paſſes.—

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd, let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the baſket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this baſket; why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſy is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well, maſter *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity;

let

let me for ever be your table ſport; let them ſay of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearched a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford*. What hoa, miſtreſs *Page!* come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? we are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by th' figure; and ſuch dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, good ſweet huſband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter Falſtaff *in womens clothes, and* Mrs. Page.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, mother *Prat*, come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune tell you. [*Exit*. Fal.

Mrs. *Page*. Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the o'man is a witch indeed: I like not, when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſy; (21) if I cry out

(21) *If I cry out thus upon no tryal, never truſt me when I open again.*] This is a corruption of the modern editions: the conſequence either

out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly ſham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publicly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come to the forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Garter-Inn.*

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the *German* deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the Court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak *Engliſh?*

either of indolence, or ignorance. The two firſt *Folios* have it rightly, *trayle*; which is a hunting term, and correſponds with *cry out*, and *open*. Our Author uſes the word again twice in his *Hamlet*.

Or elſe this brain of mine hunts not the trayle of policy, &c.
How chearfully on the falſe *trayle* they cry!

Bard.

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but, I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts; (22) they muſt compt off; I'll ſawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Ford's Houſe.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Miſtreſs* Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford, *and* Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the beſt diſcretions of a 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantoneſs; thy honour ſtands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward; let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fy, fy, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old o'man; methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he

(22) — *they muſt* come off.] This can never be our Poet's, or his Hoſt's, meaning: to *come off*, is in other terms, to *go ſcot-free*; but theſe *Germans* had taken up the Hoſt's houſe, and he was reſolv'd to make them pay for it. We muſt certainly, therefore, read, *they muſt* compt off: i. e. they muſt pay off the accompt, or, *as we now ſay, down with their pence.* Mr. Warburton.

ſhould

ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes;

And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in *Windſor* foreſt,

Doth all the winter time at ſtill of midnight

Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;

And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain

In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.

You've heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,

The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many, that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s oak;

But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, this is our device, (23)

That *Falſtaff* at that oak ſhall meet with us.

We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field,

Diſguis'd like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.

And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,

What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. *Page.* That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:

(23) *Mrs.* Ford, *Marry, this is our device,*
That Falſtaff *at that oak ſhall meet with us.*
Page. *Well; let it not be doubted, but he'll come.*
And in this ſhape *when you have brought him thither,*] Thus this paſſage has been tranſmitted down to us, from the time of the firſt edition by the Players: But what was this ſhape, in which *Falſtaff* was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not ſaid one word to aſcertain it. This makes it more than ſuſpicious, the defect in this point muſt be owing to ſome wife retrenchment. The two intermediate lines, which I have reſtored from the old Quarto, are *abſolutely neceſſary*, and clear up the matter.

Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffus'd ſong: upon their ſight,
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And aſk him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape profane?

Mrs. *Ford*. And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. *Page*. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent ourſelves; dis-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor*.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-anapes alſo, to burn the Knight with my taper.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. *Page*. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies; finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilk will I go buy, and in that tire (24)
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away, [*Aſide*.
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

(24) *That ſilk will I go buy, and in that* time
Shall Mr. Slender *ſteal*, &c.] What! muſt *Slender* ſteal Mrs. *Ann*, while her father goes to buy the ſilk ſhe was to be dreſs'd in? This was no part of the ſcheme. Her garb was to be the ſignal for *Slender* to know her by. The alteration of a ſingle letter gives us the Poet's reading. *Tire* is as common with our Poet, and other Writers of his age, as *attire*; to ſignify, *dreſs*. And my emendation is clearly juſtified, by what *Fenton* afterwards tells the Hoſt.

Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in *that dreſs*, when Slender ſees his time
To take her by the hand, &c.

Ford.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*; he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us properties and tricking for our Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ſerry honeſt knaveries. [*Exe.* Page, Ford, *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford*,
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John*, to know his mind. (25)
[*Exit. Mrs.* Ford.
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed is an ideot;
And he my huſband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he ſhall have her;
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the *Garter-Inn*.

Enter Hoſt *and* Simple.

Hoſt. WHAT would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-ſkin; ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down; I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

(25) *Send quickly to Sir* John, *to know his mind.*] The whole ſet of printed copies downwards have ſunk our *meſſenger* here into an *adverb*. Dame *Quickly* is the perſon intended to be ſent to Sir *John*; and accordingly when we next find her with him, ſhe tells him, *ſhe comes from the two parties*; *viz.* Mrs. *Ford* and Mrs. *Page*.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat-woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls.

Falſtaff, *above.*

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fy, privacy? fy.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguil'd maſter *Slender*, of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs *Ann Page*; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her or no: go; ſay, the old woman told me ſo.

Simp.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was mine *Hoſt*; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! mere cozenage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire, and ſet ſpurs, and away; like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Fauſtuſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not ſay they be fled; *Germans* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o'mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hoſt of *Reading*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit*.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Jarterre*?

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell what is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke, dat the court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu. [Exit.

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozen'd and beaten to. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I foreſwore myſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.——

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd. I have ſuffered more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have they not ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action (26) of a wood woman,

(26) *Action of an* old *woman,*] This reading is no great compliment to the ſagacity of our former Editors, who could content themſelves with words, without any regard to the reaſoning. What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir *John Falſtaff*, to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *witch?* Surely, one would imagine, this was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a ſcrape; for none but *old* women have ever been ſuſpected of being *witches*. The text muſt certainly be reſtor'd, as I have corrected it, a *wood* woman; *i. e* a crazy, frantick woman; one too wild, and ſilly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or miſchievous ſubtlety of a witch in her. I have already explain'd, and prov'd the uſe of this term, in one of my notes on the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

deliver'd

deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i' th' ſtocks, i' th' common ſtocks for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber; you ſhall hear how things go, and I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? ſure, one of you does not ſerve heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Ann Page*;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chuſer)
Ev'n to my wiſh. I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted.
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great ſcene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine Hoſt;
To night at *Herne*'s oak juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the fairy Queen;
The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented.—Now, Sir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports, are taſking of their minds;

And at the Deanry, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her; to this her mother's plot,
She ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor.—Now, thus it reſts;
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that dreſs when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him.—Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me;
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device: I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a Prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers; away, go; they ſay, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit. Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter *Brook?* maſter *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the park about mid-night, at *Herne*'s oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter *Brook*, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, *Ford* her huſband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſy in him, maſter *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle; I am in haſte; go along with me, I'll tell you all, maſter *Brook*. Since I pluckt geeſe, play'd truant and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; ſtrange things in hand, maſter *Brook!* follow.—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *Windſor-Foreſt.*

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

PAGE.

COME, come: we'll couch i' th' caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies. Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*; the white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and ſpirits will become it well; heav'n proſper our ſport! No man means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford and Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park: we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My huſband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, (27) and the *Welch* devil *Evans?*

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne's* oak, with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff's* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the oak, to the oak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evans *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit;

(27) *And the Welch devil* Herne?] Thus all the impreſſions have blunder'd after each other; but *Falſtaff* was to repreſent *Herne*, and he was no *Welchman*. Where was the attention, or ſagacity, of our Editors, not to obſerve that Mrs. *Ford* is inquiring for *Evans* by the name of the *Welch* devil? The miſtake of the word *Herne* getting into the text, might eaſily happen by the inadvertence of Tranſcribers, who threw their eyes too haſtily on the ſucceeding line, where the word again occurs. Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe diſcover'd the blunder of this paſſage. and

and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaff, *with a Buck's head on.*

Fal. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now the hot-blooded Gods aſſiſt me! Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt: You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda:* oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a gooſe? A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt, — O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault; and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl: —— think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windſor* ſtag, and the fatteſt, I think, i' th' foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? who comes here? my doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford*, Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? let the ſky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

Fal. (28) Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your huſbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

(28) *Divide me like a* brib'd-buck,] Thus all the old copies, miſtakingly: It muſt be, *bribe-buck*; i. e. a buck ſent for a bribe. I made the correction in my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has reform'd *the paſſage* by it, in his laſt edition.

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noiſe?
Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our ſins!
Fal. What ſhould this be?
Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page.* Away, away.
[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he never would elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh *like a Satyr*; Quickly, *and others, dreſt like Fairies, with Tapers.*

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
You ouphen-heirs of fixed deſtiny, (29)
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.
Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts and ſluttery.
Fal. They're fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's *Pede?* go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe up the organs of her fantaſy;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;
But thoſe, that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.

(29) *You* orphan-*heirs of*] Why, *orphan-heirs?* Deſtiny, to which they ow'd their original, and to whom they were heirs, was yet in *being* ſure: therefore they could not be call'd orphans. Doubtleſs, the Poet wrote;

You ouphen-*heirs of fixed deſtiny.*

i. e. *You elves,* that ſucceed to, and miniſter in, ſome of the works of deſtiny. They are call'd both before and after, in this play, *ouphs*; here, *ouphen*; for *en* is either the *Saxon* termination of *plural* nouns; (the word itſelf being from the *Saxon* Alpenae, *lamiae, daemones*; or the termination of an adjective, form'd from a noun; as *wooden, woollen, golden, brazen,* &c. Mr. *Warburton.*

Quic.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual doom,
In ſtate as wholeſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner as the owner it (30).
The ſeveral chairs of order look you ſcour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r;
Each fair inſtalment-coat and ſev'ral creſt,
With loyal blazon evermore be bleſt!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the *Garter*-compaſs, in a ring:
Th' expreſſure that it bears, green let it be;
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony ſoit qui mal y penſe* write,
In emrald-tuffs, flow'rs purple, blue and white;
Like ſaphire, pearl, and rich embroidery
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.
Away, diſperſe; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock;
Our dance of cuſtom round about the oak
Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!

Eva. Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

(30) —— *and the owner it,*] *And* cannot be the true reading, both becauſe the grammar of the ſentence will not allow it, and his court to Queen *Elizabeth* directs to another reading;

—— *as* the owner it.

for, ſure, he would not wiſh a thing, which his complaiſance and addreſs muſt ſuppoſe actually was; *viz.* the worth of the owner.

Mr. Warburton.

Eva. A trial, come——

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*

Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhyme:
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

Eva. (31) It is right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fy on ſinful fantaſy:
Fy on luſt and luxury:
Luſt is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

(32) *During this ſong, they pinch him. Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and ſteels away a boy in green;* Slender *another way, and he takes away a boy in white; and* Fenton *comes, and ſteals away Mrs.* Ann Page. *A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away.* Falſtaff *pulls off his Buck's head, and riſes.*

Enter Page, Ford, *&c. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we've watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the hunter ſerve your turn?

Mrs. *Page.* I pray you come; hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?

(31) Eva. *It is right, indeed:*] This ſhort ſpeech, which is very much in character for Sir *Hugh*, I have inſerted from the old *Quarto*.

(32) *During this ſong,*] This direction I thought proper to inſert from the old *Quartos*, as it is neceſſary to explain what is in action on the Scene: and on which a part of the *cataſtrophe* of the fable depends.

See

See you theſe, huſbands? do not theſe fair yoaks (33) become the foreſt better than the town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, maſter *Brook*; and maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-baſket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpite of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and faries will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welſh* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

(33) *See you theſe huſbands? Do not theſe fair* oaks *Become the foreſt better than the town?*] What *oaks*, in the name of nonſenſe, do our ſagacious Editors make Mrs. *Page* talk of? The *oaks* in the *Park?* But there was no intention of tranſplanting them into the *town*. ——*Me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The firſt *Folio* reads, as the Poet intended, *yoaks:* and Mrs. *Page*'s meaning is this. She ſpeaks to her own, and Mrs. *Ford*'s huſband, and aſks them, if they ſee the *horns* in *Falſtaff*'s hand; and then alluding to them as the types of *cuckoldom*, puts the queſtion, whether thoſe yoaks are not *more proper in the foreſt* than in the *town*: i. e. than in their families, *as a reproach to them.*

Eva.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *Engliſh*? this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, Sir *Joha*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax? (34)

Mrs. *Page.* A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the *Welſh* flannel; ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

(35) Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, huſband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

(34) *What, a hog's pudding?*] Mr. *Pope* has help'd us to this *hog's pudding*; all the other editions, which I have ſeen, have it rightly *hodge pudding*, as it is vulgarly written and pronounc'd; the *French* call, to ſhake, or jumble together, *hocher*: and they have a diſh call'd, *un hoche-pot*, which is a mixture of ſeveral ſorts of meats cook'd up together. They likewiſe call it, *un pot pourri*: (ſays *Rabelet*) a diſh, made up of ſeveral meats macerated: and ſuch a *gallimaufry*, does *Ford* mean, is *Falſtaff*.

(35) Mrs. *Ford. Nay, huſband,*] This and the following little ſpeech I have inſerted from the old Quarto. The retrenchment, I preſume,

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be chearful, Knight; thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to-night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that; if *Ann Page* be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife. [*Aſide.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page?*

Page. Son, how now? how now, ſon, have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſterſhire* know on't; would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry miſtreſs *Ann Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' th' church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Ann Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and ſhe cry'd *budget*, as *Ann* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Ann*, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! maſter *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marry boys?

preſume, was by the Players; and an injudicious one, in my opinion. Sir *John Falſtaff* is deſign'd the favourite character in the play. His vices are the ſubject of all the pleaſantry: and he is ſufficiently puniſh'd in being diſappointed and expos'd. The expectation of his being perſecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the concluſion too tragical a turn. Beſides, it is *poetick juſtice* that *Ford* ſhould ſuſtain this loſs, as a fine for his unreaſonable jealouſy.

Page.

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is miſtreſs *Page?* by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garſoon, a boy; one peaſant, by gar. A boy; it is not *Ann Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor.*

Ford. This is ſtrange! who hath got the right *Ann?*

Page. My heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton.*

Enter Fenton, *and* Ann Page.

How now Mr. *Fenton?*

Ann. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, miſtreſs, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender.*

Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed;
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Money buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy; *What* cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Eva.

Eva. I will alſo dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Well I will muſe no further. Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry days.
Good huſband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo:—— Sir *John*,
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to-night, ſhall lie with miſtreſs *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

H. Gravelot in & del. Vol: 1. P. 295. G. V. Gucht Sculp.

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, } *an ancient Lord, join'd with* Angelo *in the Deputation.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-don.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *ſiſter to* Claudio.
Marina, *bethrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-don, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

ESCALUS,——

Eſcal. My Lord.

Duke. Of government the properties t' unfold,
Would ſeem in me t' affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
Since I am not to know, that your own ſcience
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains: (1)
Put

(1) ——*then no more remains*
Put *that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,*
And let them work.] I doubt not, but this paſſage, either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyiſts, has come maim'd to us. In the firſt place, what an unmeaſurable, inharmonious verſe have we here; and, then, how lame is the ſenſe! What was *Eſcalus* to put to his *ſufficiency?* Why, his *ſcience.* But his ſcience and his ſufficiency were but one and the ſame thing. On what then does the relative *them,* depend? The old editions read thus.

——*Then no more remains,*
But *that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,*
And let them work.

Here, again, the ſenſe is manifeſtly lame and defective, and as the verſification is ſo too, they concur to make me think, a line has accidenta-

Put that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;
And giv'n his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: ſay, what think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.

accidentally been left out. Perhaps, ſomething like this might ſupply our Author's meaning.

——*Then no more remains,*
But *that to your ſufficiency* you add
Due diligency, *as your worth is able;*
And let them work.

By ſome ſuch ſupplement both the ſenſe and meaſure would be cur'd. But as the conjecture is unſupported by any authorities, I have not pretended to thruſt it into the text; but ſubmit it to judgment. They, who are acquainted with books, know, that, where two words of a ſimilar length and termination happen to lie under one another, nothing is more common than for tranſcribers to glance their eye at once from the firſt to the undermoſt word, and ſo leave out the intermediate part of the ſentence.

Heav'n

Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues (2)
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*:
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf.
Mortality and mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;

(2) ——*for if our virtues*
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.] This ſentiment ſeems to have ſprung from the following paſſages of *Horace*, Lib. 4. Ode 9.
Paulum ſepultæ diſtat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your ſcope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Street.

Enter Lucio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.——

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal; there's not a ſoldier of us all, that,

in the thankſgiving before meat, do reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy; as for example, thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to —

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more. (3)

1 *Gent.*

(3) *A* French *crown more.*] *Lucio* means here not the piece of money *ſo call'd, but* that *venereal* ſcab which among the ſurgeons is ſtil'd

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art ſull of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promis'd to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exe.*

ſtil'd *corona veneris*. To this, I think our Author likewiſe makes *Quince* allude in *Midſummer-Night's Dream*.

Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

As *Ben Johnſon* does likewiſe in *Cynthia's Revels*.

Aſot. I, Sir, I'll aſſure you, 'tis a beaver. It coſt me eight crowns but this morning.

Amo. After your *French* account?

Aſot. Yes, Sir.

Cri. And ſo near his head? —Beſhrew me, dangerous.

For where theſe eruptions are, the ſkull is carious, and the party becomes bald.

Manet

Manent Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common wealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's madam *Juliet*.

[*Exe.* Bawd *and* Clown.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.
Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.
Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immod'rate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.
Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*
Claud. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.
Lucio. What is't murder?
Claud. No.
Lucio. Letchery?
Claud. Call it ſo.
Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.
Claud. One word, good friend:—*Lucio*, a word with you.
Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is letcherey ſo look'd after?
Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta*'s bed,
(You know the Lady,) ſhe is faſt my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,

Only

Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpſe, of newneſs;
Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:)—but this new governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcower'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round, (4)
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me; 'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends

(4) *So long, that* nineteen *Zodiacks have gone round.*] The Duke, in the Scene immediately following, ſays,

Which for theſe *fourteen* years we have let ſlip.

The Author could not ſo diſagree with himſelf, in ſo narrow a compaſs. The numbers muſt have been wrote in figures, and ſo miſtaken: for which reaſon, 'tis neceſſary to make the two accounts *correſpond*.

To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſide, ſhe hath proſp'rous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two hours. —

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Monaſtery.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence) (5)

My

(5) *A man of* ſtricture.] Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, that *ſtrictura*, from which this word ſhould ſeem to be form'd, ſignified, among the *Latines*, the *ſpark* which flies from red-hot iron when ſtruck; whence, in *Engliſh*, it has been metaphorically taken for a *bright ſtroke* in an Author; nor has it, ſays he, any other ſignification. And he very reaſonably queſtions, whether it had that in *Shakeſpeare's* time. As ſo remote a ſignification could have no place in the text here, he *ſuſpects* that two words muſt have ignorantly been jumbled into one, *and that* our Author wrote:

A man

My abſolute pow'r and place here in *Vienna*;
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For ſo I've ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is receiv'd; now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds,) (6)
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep; (7)
Even

A man of ſtrict ure *and firm abſtinence*, i. e. a man of a *ſevere habit* of life. *Ure*, 'tis certain, was a word uſed in CHAUCER's time for chance, deſtiny, fortune; (when deriv'd from *heur*;) and alſo for habit, cuſtom; (when contracted from the *uſura* of the *Latines*;) whence we have form'd our compound adjective, *enured*, habituated to. Though I have not diſturb'd the text, the conjecture was too ingenious to be paſs'd over in ſilence. But as it is moſt frequent with our Author as well to coin words, as to form their terminations *ad libitum*; he may have adopted *ſtricture* here to ſignify *ſtrictneſs*; as afterwards, in this very Play, he has introduced *prompture*, the uſage of which word I no where elſe remember in our tongue; neither have we *promptura* or *prompture*, from the *Latin* or *French*, that I know of.

(6) *The needful* bits *and* curbs *for headſtrong* weeds:] There is no manner of analogy, or conſonance, in the metaphors here: and, tho' the copies agree, I do not think, the Author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare perſons of *unbridled licentiouſneſs* to head-ſtrong *ſteeds*: and, in this view, *bridling the paſſions* has been a phraſe adopted by our beſt poets.

So, *Horace*, Lib. iv. Od. 15.

——— *& Ordinem*
Rectum evaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit, emovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes.

So, in his Epiſtles, Lib. 1. Ep. 2.

——— *animum rege, qui, niſi paret,*
Imperat, hunc frenis, *hunc tu* compeſce *catenâ.*

And ſo the elegant *Phædrus*, Lib. 1. Fab. 2.

Procax libertas *civitatem miſcuit,*
Fernumque *ſolvit priſtinum* licentiâ.

But inſtances were endleſs both from the poets, and proſe-writers.

(7) *Which for theſe* fourteen *years we have let* ſlip.] For *fourteen* I have made no ſcruple to replace *nineteen*. The reaſon will be obvious to the reader, who ſhall look back to the 4th note upon this play. I have, I hope, upon as good authority, alter'd the odd phraſe of *letting the laws ſlip*: for, ſuppoſing the expreſſion might be juſtified, yet

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
T' unlooſe this ty'd-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
So do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Viſit both prince and people; therefore, pry'thee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me

yet how does it ſort with the compariſon, that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *ſleep*, as I have reſtored to the text, adds a particular propriety to the thing repreſented, and accords exactly too with the *ſimile*. It is the metapher too, that our Author ſeems fond of uſing upon this occaſion, in ſeveral other paſſages of this Play.

The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath *ſlept*:
——— Tis now *awake*.

And ſo, again,
——— but this new governour
Awakes me all th' enrolled *penalties*;
——— and for a name
Now puts the *drowſy* and neglected act
Freſhly on me.

How

How I may formally in perſon bear,
Like a true *Friar*. More reaſons for this action
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one: – Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be. [*Exeunt*

SCENE, a Nunnery.

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not, as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſterhood, the votariſts of Saint *Clare*.
Lucio. [*Within*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit* Franc.
Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs; can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?
Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his ſiſter.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo.
I hold you as a thing en-ſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs, and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As thoſe that feed grow full, as bloſſoming time
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

Iſab. Some one with child by him?—my couſin *Juliet?*

Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Iſab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord *Angelo*; a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtrings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions;) hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigor of the ſtatute,
To make him an example; all hopes gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek for his life?
Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?
Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.
Iſab. My power? Alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.
Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.
Lucio. But, ſpeedily.
Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a Juſtice, and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't, as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provoſt?*

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See, that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.—[*Exit* Prov.

Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all:
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluckt down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a *hot-houſe*; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and your honour, —

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honeſt woman; —

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs *Over-don*'s means, but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear, how he miſplaces?

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence) for ſtew'd prewns; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence; (your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* diſhes, but very good diſhes.)

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, this miſtreſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſay, for prewns; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid; maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewns.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: and, I beſeech you, look into maſter *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound a year; whoſe father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, maſter *Froth*?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit, have you not?

Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope, here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good morrow to your Lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.
Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?

Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; *good maſter Froth*, look upon his honour; 'tis for

for a good purpoſe: doth your honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any o' us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity*?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal!* I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for't: what is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhould do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it; thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, Sir.

Eſcal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-don.*

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? come hither to me, maſter *Froth*; maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*; farewel, [*Exit.* Froth.

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown.

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna.*

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, *Pompey.*

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, (8) I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three-pence a bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, *Pompey*,

(8) *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three-pence a* day.] This reading firſt got place in Mr. *Pope*'s impreſſion, who, I preſume, did not know how to account for, *bay*, the reading of the old copies; and which I have reſtor'd to the text. For my part, I believe, our Poet had no notion of reducing houſe-rent to a proportion by the *day*. The meaning is this. The faſhion of buildings, in our Author's time, was to have two or three ſemi-circular juttings out in front, (which we ſtill ſee in the remains of old houſes,) where the windows were plac'd: And theſe projections were call'd *bays*; as the windows were, from them, call'd *bay-windows*, or *compaſs-windows*: the laſt of which terms we meet with in our Author's *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

She came to him t'other day into the *compaſs-window*.

Minſheu tells us, the reaſon of the name being given was, becauſe this form of building reſembled a *bay*, or road for ſhips, which is always round, and bow-ing, to break off the force of the water.—— So that houſes, as I ſaid, having not above two or three of theſe juttings out, the *Clown* ſays, "the houſes won't be worth above three pence a "*bay*," i. e. nine pence *per* year at the largeſt computation. I had almoſt forgot to obſerve, that CHAUCER mentions a *bay-window* in his *Court of Love.*

And there beſide, within a bay-windowe,
Stod one in grene, full large of bred and length, &c.

I ſhall

I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter *Elbow*; come hither, maſter conſtable; how long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir,

Eſcal. I thought by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time; you ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in ſuch matters; as they are choſen, they are glad to chuſe me for them, I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh?

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, Sir?

Eſcal. To my houſe; fare you well. What's a clock think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Juſt. Eleven, Sir.

Eſcal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio:*
But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Provoſt, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!——

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*

Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* ſhall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou aſk again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.

Ang.

Ang. Stay yet a while.—Y'are welcome; what's your will?

Iſab. I am a woeful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then;—heav'n keep your honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er ſo; to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.

Iſa. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Iſab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Iſab. *Too late?* why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,

May

May call it back again: Well believe this, (9)
No ceremony that to great ones long,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Iſab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Iſabel*; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

(9) *Well, believe this,*] This manner of pointing, which runs thro' all the copies, gives an air of addreſs too familiar for an inferior to uſe to a perſon of diſtinction. But taking away the comma after, *well*, not only removes the objection, but reſtores a mode of expreſſion, which our Author delights to uſe. *Well believe this*; i. e. Be convinc'd, be thoroughly aſſured of this.

So, afterwards, in this Play, *Angelo* ſays;

I think it *well*.

So, *Gonzalo* in the *Tempeſt*.

I do *well believe* your Highneſs,——

And ſo in King *John*;

And *well* ſhall you perceive——

So one of the *Gentlemen* in the opening Scene of *Cymbeline*;

Ido *well* believe.

And ſo *Piſanio*, in the ſame Play;

---You ſhall be miſs'd at Court;
And that will *well* confirm it.

&c. &c.

Ang.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.
Iſab. To-morrow; oh! that's ſudden. Spare him,
ſpare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heav'n
With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? good, good, my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man, that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a Prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſsneſs new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
But here they live to end.
Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.
Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe, I do not know;
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.
Lucio. That's well ſaid.
Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!

Thou

Thou rather with thy ſharp, and ſulph'rous, bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who with our ſpleens, (10)
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf: (11)
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice, o' th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,

(10) *As makes the angels weep*; *who*, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.] Men play ſuch fantaſtick tricks, and appear ſo ridiculous, as to make the angels weep in compaſſion of our extravagance: who, if they were endued with our ſpleens and periſhable organs, would laugh themſelves out of immortality; or, as we ſay in common life, laugh themſelves dead. This notion of the Angels weeping for the ſins of men is purely *rabbinical*. —*Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt* Hebræorum *Magiſtri*.—Grotius *ad S.* Lucam, c. 15. v. 7.

(11) *We cannot weigh our brother with* ourſelf.] Why not? Tho' this ſhould be the reading of all the copies, 'tis as plain as light, it is not the Author's meaning. *Iſabella* would ſay, there is ſo great a diſproportion in quality betwixt Lord *Angelo* and her brother, that their actions can bear no compariſon, or equality, together; but her brother's crimes would be aggravated, *Angelo*'s frailties extenuated, from the difference of their degrees and ſtate of life. Mr. Warburton.

Let

Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
That my ſenſe breeds with it. Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my Lord, turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heav'n ſhall ſhare with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond ſhekels of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe: prayers from preſerv'd ſouls,
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to-morrow.
Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heav'n keep your honour ſafe!
Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.
Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noon.
Iſab. Save your honour! [*Exe.* Lucio *and* Iſabella.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? oh, fy, fy, fy!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*

Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ever 'till this very now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Priſon.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provoſt*; ſo, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your will, good *Friar?*

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth, (12)

Hath

(12) *Who falling in the* flaws *of her own youth,*
Hath blifter'd *her report.*] As, *blifter'd*, follows in the *ſecond* line, Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly adviſes to read *flames* in the *firſt*. And it is the metaphor our Author elſewhere chooſes to uſe. So *Polonius* in *Hamlet.*

——I do know,
When the blood *burns*, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh, my daughter, &c.

And

Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he, that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I lov'd the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame?
Which sorrow's always tow'rds ourselves, not heav'n;
Showing we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him;

And so the *Countess*, in *All's Well that ends Well.*

Nat'ral rebellion, done i' th' *blaze* of youth,
When oil and *fire*, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and *burns* on.

And so *Prospero*, in *The Tempest*;

——— do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' *fire* i' th' *blood*: ———

So grace go with you; *benedicite.* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHen I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel*: Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?——

Serv. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both that unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo

The

The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
Iſab. Ev'n ſo?—Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*
Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.
Iſab. Under your ſentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in this reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fy, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'ns image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſy,
Falſely to take away a life true made;
As to put metal in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.
Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs
As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſques
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab.

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. An ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Iſab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Iſab. Elſe let my brother die, (13)
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs!

(13) *Elſe let my brother die,*
If not a feodary, *but only he,* &c.] This is ſo obſcure a paſſage, but ſo fine in its application, that it deſerves to be explain'd. A *feodary* was one, that, in the times of vaſſalage, held lands of the chief Lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice: which tenures were call'd *feuda* amongſt the *Goths*. This being premiſed, let us come as a paraphraſe of our Author's words. "We are all "*frail*, ſays *Angelo*, yes, replies *Iſabella*; if all mankind were not "*feodaries*, who owe what they have to this tenure of *imbecillity*, "and who ſucceed each other by the ſame tenure, as well as my "brother, I would give him up." And the comparing mankind, (who, according to ſome Divines, lie under the weight of original ſin,) to a *feodary*, who owes *ſuit and ſervice* to his Lord, is, I think, one of the *moſt beautiful* alluſions imaginable.

Mr. Warburton.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.

Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arreſt your words: be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.

Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.

Iſab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd.
And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming! —
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtrech'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i' th' State,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein.

Fit

Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance. Anſwer me to morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O moſt perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make curtſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabel*, live, chaſte; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, the Priſon.

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life; (14)
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences;
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork

(14) — *Reaſon thus with life;*
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would keep.] But this reading is not only contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon; but to the drift of this moral Diſcourſe. The *Duke*, in his aſſum'd character of a *Friar*, is endeavouring to inſtil into the condemn'd priſoner a reſignation of mind to his ſentence; but the ſenſe of the lines, in this reading, is a direct perſuaſive to *ſuicide!* I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote,

That none but fools would reck.

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loſs of.

Mr. *Warburton.*

And the word is very frequent with our Author. *Two Gent. of* Verona;

Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.

And *Hamlet*:

Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And *recks* not his own reed.

Et alibi paſſim.

Or

Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forgett'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age; (15)
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

(15) ——*Thou haſt nor* youth, *nor* age; &c.] Mr. *Warburton* has given me a correction of, and paraphraſe on, this and the ſubſequent lines; which ſhews ſo fine a ſpirit, that, tho' I have not ventur'd to diſturb the text, I muſt not deprive my Readers of it.——— "The driſt of this period, *you ſee*, is to prove, that neither youth, "nor age, is really enjoyed: which, in poetical language is, We "have neither youth, nor age." But how is this prov'd? That age is not enjoy'd, "he makes appear by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive old age of the ſenſe of pleaſure. "To prove youth is not enjoy'd, he uſes theſe words; *for all thy "bleſſed youth becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms of palſied Eld.* "Out of which, he that can deduce the proof, *erit mihi magnus* "Apollo." Undoubtedly, if we would know how the Author wrote, we muſt read.

——for, *pall'd*, thy *blazed* youth
Becomes *aſſuaged*; and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld.

"i. e. When thy youthful appetite becomes pall'd, as it will be, in "the enjoyment, the blaze of youth becomes aſſuaged, and thou "immediately contract'ſt the infirmities of age; as particularly, "the palſy, and other nervous infirmities; the conſequence of the "enjoyment *of ſenſual* pleaſure. This is to the purpoſe; and proves "*youth is not enjoy'd*, by ſhewing the fleeting duration of it."

Of palſy'd Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.

Iſab. My buſineſs is a word, or two, with *Claudio.*

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in deed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt; perpetual durance; a reſtraint,

Th

Tho' all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Iſab. In ſuch a one, as you, conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Iſab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you, I can a reſolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die;
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i' th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt: he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely *Angelo*?
Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In Princely guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.
Iſab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to-morrow.

Claud.

Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Iſabel.*
Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Iſab. Which is the leaſt?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Iſabel!*
Iſab. What ſays my brother?
Claud. Death's a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick ribb'd ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; — 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life, (16)
That age, ach, penury, impriſonment

(16) *The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life.*] This natural fear of *Claudio*, from the antipathy we have to death, ſeems very little varied from that infamous wiſh of *Mæcenas* recorded in the 101ſt Epiſtle of *Seneca*.

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa;
Tuber adſtrue gibberum,
Lubrices quate dentes:
Vita, dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.
Hanc mihi, vel acuta
Si ſedeam cruce, ſuſtine.

Mr. Warburton.

Can

Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.
Iſab. Oh you beaſt!
Oh faithleſs coward! oh diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother play'd my father fair?
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.
Claud. Nay, hear me, *Iſabel.*
Iſab. Oh, fy, fy, fy!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'Tis beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.
Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter? but one word.
Iſab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.
Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.
Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an eſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of *natures. She*, having the truth of honour in her, hath *made him that* gracious denial, which he is moſt glad

to

to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death. Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. [*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit.* Prov.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complection, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo:* how will you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo?* if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit

to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate huſband, this well ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world; what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal; and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, (that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourſelf to this advantage:

vantage: firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience. This being granted, in courſe now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Re-enter Duke *as a Friar*; Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar.* Duke.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too; Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fy, ſirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live. (17)
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ———

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

(17) *I drink, I eat* away *myſelf, and live.*] Thus hitherto in all the impreſſions. This is one very excellent inſtance of the ſagacity of our Editors, and it were to be wiſh'd heartily, they would have oblig'd us with their phyſical ſolution, how a man can *eat away* himſelf *and live*. The ingenious Mr. *Biſhop*, when we read this Play together, gave me that moſt certain emendation, which I have ſubſtituted in the room of the former fooliſh reading; by the help whereof we have this eaſy ſenſe; that the Clown fed himſelf, and put cloaths on his back by exerciſing the vile trade of a Bawd.

In *Othello*, *Iago* ſpeaks much to the ſame purpoſe of *Caſſio*'s ſtrumpet.

A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf *bread*, and *cloath*.

And *Ben Johnſon*, much nearer to the words of the paſſage here corrected, in his Epigram upon Lieut. *Shift*.

By that one ſpell he lives, *eats, drinks, arrays himſelf*.

Duke.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be, Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Cæſar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion*'s images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i' th' laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: go, ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey?* or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me to the priſon, *Pompey*; you will turn good huſband now, *Pompey*: you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to increaſe your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, truſty *Pompey*. Bleſs you, Friar. Duke.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go.

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke?*

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he's with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*; other ſome, he is in *Rome*; but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts trangreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar.*

Duke. It is too general a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: (18) and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke.

(18) — *and he is a motion* generative; *that's infallible.*] This may be ſenſe; and *Lucio*, perhaps, may mean, that tho' *Angelo* have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more uſe of them than

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is abſent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-diſh; the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing, ſurely.

Duke. What; pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the ſubject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion, but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think, our Author wrote; — and he is a motion *ungenerative*, — becauſe *Lucio* again in this very Scene ſays; — this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople *the province with continency.*

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh! I would, the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eves, becauſe they are leacherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: (19) the Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's now paſt it; yet, and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with

(19) *The Duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat* mutton *on* Fridays.] This is not meant to impeach the Duke of being an ill *Catholic*, as tranſgreſſing the rules of abſtinence in diet: But the joke, alluded to, will be explain'd by looking back to the third note on the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

a beggar,

a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo, farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, *and* Bawd.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my Lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: miſtreſs *Kate-Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob:* I have kept it myſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provoſt*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſhed with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now to uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the ſee,

In

In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i' th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes,
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giv'n to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice; yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I by my good leiſure have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolved to die.

Eſcal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Juſtice.

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner; fare you well

3 *Exit.*

Duke.

Duke. Peace be with you!
He who the ſword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere:
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;
More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking.
Twice treble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Tho' Angel on the outward ſide?
How may that likeneſs, made in crimes, (20)
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply,
With *Angelo* to-night ſhall lye
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting;
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

(20) *How may likeneſs made in crimes,*
Making practiſe on the times,
To draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things?] This obſcure and ungrammatical paſſage Mr. *Warburton* has reſtor'd to its purity, only by adding one monoſyllable, and throwing out another: as he has likewiſe made it intelligible by the following comment. "How "much wickedneſs may a man hide *within*, tho' he appears like an "angel *without*! How may *that* likeneſs, made in crimes, i. e. by "hypocriſy; [pretty paradoxical expreſſion, of an *angel made in* "*crimes*] by impoſing on the world, [thus emphatically expreſs'd, "*making practiſe on the times*] draw with its falſe and empty pretences "[which *Shakeſpeare* finely calls, *ſpiders ſtrings*;] the moſt ponde-"rous and ſubſtantial things of the world, as riches, honour, power, "reputation, &c."

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Grange.

Enter Mariana, *and Boy ſinging.*

SONG,

TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away, (21)
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the morn;
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſic oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.

(21) *Take, oh, take thoſe lips away,*] This ſong, which, no doubt was a great favourite in its time, is inſerted in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Bloody Brother*, with this additional ſtanza.

Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears;
On whoſe tops the pinks, that grow,
Are of thoſe that *April* wears.
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

With this addition likewiſe it is printed in the volume of *Shakeſpeare*'s poems. The reaſon of this ſecond ſtanza being omitted here, is obvious. *Mariana* has the ſong ſung, applicable to her love for *Angelo*, and his perjury to her: and the addition can only ſuit when addreſs'd from a lover to his miſtreſs.

I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have ſate here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come:
What is the news from this good Deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promiſe made to call upon him.

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I've ta'n a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſp'ring and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did ſhow me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Iſab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

Enter

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.
Iſab. I do deſire the like.
Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?
Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.
Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide?
[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Iſab.
Duke. Oh place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, and Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.
Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.
Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
"*Remember now my brother.*"
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin:
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come let us go;
Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to ſow. (22) [*Exe.*

(22) —— *for yet our* tythe's *to ſow.*] It muſt be *tilth*; that is, our tillage is yet to be made; our grain is yet to be put in the ground; the project, from which we expect to profit in the iſſue, is ſtill to be put in hand.

SCENE changes to the Priſon.

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. COME hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon!* where's *Abhorſon*, there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He cannot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fy upon him, he will diſcredit our myſtery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, ſurely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a myſtery?

Abhor.

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a myſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a myſtery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a myſtery: but what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a myſtery.

Clown. Proof. ——

Abhor. (23) Every true man's apparel fits your thief, Clown: if it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief,

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener aſk forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd. I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you (24) ſhall

(23) Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*
Clown. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*] This is a very notable paſſage, as it ſtands in all the editions; but, I dare ſay, is notably corrupted; and both the ſpeeches, and the words, ſhuffled and miſplaced. What! does the *Clown* aſk proof, how the hangman's trade is a myſtery; and, ſo ſoon as ever *Abhorſon* advances his *Theſis* to prove it, the *Clown* takes the argument out of his mouth, and perverts the very tenor of it? I am ſatisfied, the Poet intended a regular *ſyllogiſm*; and I ſubmit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not reſtor'd that wit and humour which was quite loſt in the depravation.

(24) *You ſhall find me* yours;] This reading, I believe, was firſt *Mr. Rowe's*; and conſequently adopted by the laſt Editor. The old books

ſhall find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murd'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourſelf. [*Exit* Claud.] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort!—by and by:—
I hope, it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Proveſt!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There is ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parrallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroak and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his pow'r
To qualify in others. Where he meal'd

books have it, *You ſhall find me* y'are.—Very little ſagacity might have inſtructed them, that the corruption is only in the *apoſtrophe*; and that the Poet's word was yare; i. e. dextrous in the office; a word very frequent in our Author's writings.

With

With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now are they come.
[*Knock again.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle *Provoſt*; ſeldom, when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds th' unreſiſting poſtern with the ſtrokes.
[Provoſt *returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſt the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his Lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit* Meſſen.

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiſs

remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt *reads the letter.*

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head ſent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine,* who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurſt up and bred; one, that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of Lord *Angelo,* came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelf penitently in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep! careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him

a ſeeming

a ſeeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head borne to *Angelo.*

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the head, and tie the beard and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his death; you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look, you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into ſome monaſtery? but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not yourſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſy, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion; one would think it were miſtreſs *Over-don*'s own houſe; for here be many of her old cuſtomer's. Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-pile* the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-Lacky* the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lufty

luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-Canne* that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman; you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to-day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfy the Deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio?*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: ſee, this be done,
And ſent according to command, while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,

If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo*. [*Exit* Prov.

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provoſt*, he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanc'd form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it; make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Iſab. [*Within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel*.—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. Hoa, by your leave.——

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy ſent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the world:
His head his off, and ſent to *Angelo*.

Iſab.

Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.
Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.
Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.
Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabel!*
Injurious world, moſt damned *Angelo!*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to heav'n:
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall ſurely find
By ev'ry ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your wiſdom,
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.
Iſab. I'm directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis that he ſent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana*'s houſe to-night. Her cauſe and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he ſhall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſecret vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even.
Friar. Where's the Provoſt?
Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart to ſee thine eyes ſo red; thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would ſet me to't. But, they ſay, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Iſabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* Iſabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; But I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt, reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. EVery letter, he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n, his wiſdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, *and deliver our* authorities there?

Eſcal.

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i'the morn; I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit, as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it! but that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her: (25)
For my authority bears a credent bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

(25) —— *yet reaſon dares her:*] The old *folio* impreſſions read, *yet reaſon dares her* no: —— perhaps, *dares her* note: i. e. ſtifles her voice; frights her from ſpeaking. In this ſenſe, our Author uſes the word *dare*, again, in his *Henry* VIII.

Farewel, nobility! let his Grace go forward,
And *dare* us with his cap, like larks.

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke *in his own habit; and Friar* Peter.

Duke. THeſe letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe, and our plot:
The matter being a foot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: go, call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him, where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth:
I'll ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He ſays, t'availful purpoſe. (26)

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhall not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſic
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter* ——

Iſab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

(26) *He ſays to* vail full *purpoſe.*] Thus the old copies. I don't know, what idea our Editors form'd to themſelves, of *vailing full* purpoſe; but, I'm perſuaded, the Poet meant, as I have reſtor'd it, *viz. to a purpoſe* that will ſtand us in ſtead, that will profit us.

Enter

Enter Peter

Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon (27)
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, a public Place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at ſeveral Doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to ſee you.
Ang. and *Eſcal.* Happy return be to your royal Grace!

(27) *Have* hent *the gates,* —] An anonymous correſpondent adviſ'd me to read;

Have *beam*'d the gates, ——

But, I apprehend, there is no occaſion for any change. To *bend*, SKINNER and ſome other *gloſſaries* tell us, ſignifies, to ſeize, lay hold on with the hand; but we find by *Spenſer*, in his *Colin Clout*, that it likewiſe ſignifies, to ſurround, encircle; (in which ſenſes it is uſed here.)

From thence another world of land we ken'd,
Floating amid the ſea in jeopardy;
And round about with mighty white rocks *hend*,
Againſt the ſea's encroaching cruelty.

We meet with the word again, in its firſt acceptation, in our Author's *Winter's Tale.*

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily *hent* the ſtile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a.

Duke.

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Eſcalus*;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you. [*As the* Duke *is going out*

Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time: ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid;
Oh, worthy Prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab.

Iſab. Courſe of juſtice!
Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange. (28)
Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak;
That *Angelo*'s forſworn: is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murd'rer: is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not ſtrange and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.
Iſab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*
Than this is all as true, as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.
Iſab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That, which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As *Angelo*; even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.
Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.

(28) *And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly.*] Thus is the verſe left imperfect by Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*; tho' the old copies all fill it up, as I have done. I have reſtor'd an infinite number of ſuch paſſages *tacitly* from the firſt impreſſions: but I thought proper to take notice once for all, here, that as Mr. *Pope* follows Mr. *Rowe*'s edition in his errors and omiſſions, it gives great ſuſpicion, notwithſtanding the pretended collation of copies, that Mr. Pope, for the generality, took *Mr. Rowe*'s edition as his guide.

Iſab.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.
Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?
Isab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother, one *Lucio*,
As then the meſſenger,—
Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Isab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio.
Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for yourſelf, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to't.
Isab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Isab. Pardon it:
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;—proceed.
Isab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,

How

How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely!

Iſab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh; next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this needs muſt be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;

I do

I do not like the man; had he been lay, my Lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But yeſternight, my Lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which he ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My Lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my Lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his mere requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt Lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all probation will make up full clear,
Whenever he's conven'd. Firſt, for this woman;
To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes
'Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.
Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
O heav'n; the vanity of wretched fools.—

Give

Give us ſome ſeats; come, couſin *Angelo*, (29)
In this I will be partial: be you judge
Of your own cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar*?
[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

Enter Mariana *veiled.*

Firſt, let her ſhew her face, and after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not ſhew my face,
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My Lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confeſs beſides, I am no maid;
I've known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

(29) ——*come couſin* Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: *be you judge*
Of your own cauſe.] Surely, this Duke had odd notions of impartiality: to profeſs it, and then commit the deciſion of a cauſe to the perſon accus'd of being the criminal. He talks much more rationally on this affair, when he ſpeaks in the character of the Friar.

——The Duke's *unjuſt*
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal;
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come t' accuſe.——

I think, there needs no ſtronger authority to convince, that the Poet muſt have wrote as I have corrected;

In this I will be *partial*;

Lucio.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for Lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my Lord.
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, juſt, my Lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabel*'s.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Iſabel*;
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſ-valu'd
In levity: ſince which time of five years

I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good Lord,
But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.
Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
Theſe poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation? You, Lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.
Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he, indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint.
Your *Provoſt* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.
Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as ſeems you beſt,

In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. My Lord, we'll do it throughly; Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honeſt in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again: I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my Lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's Habit, and* Provoſt; Iſabella *is brought in.*

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of, here with the *Provoſt*.

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum——.

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great place; and let the devil

Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly,

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt. But, oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal;
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T'accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll tome you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the Duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own;
His ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to th' ſtate! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio*?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate;
Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice. I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the Duke.

Lucio.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the Duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the Duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt I love the Duke as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to priſon: where is the *Provoſt?* away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a Duke.
Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Muſt have a word anon; lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down:
To Eſcalus.
We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave:
Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread Lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable;
When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes: then, good Prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame;
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:
Say; waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which conſummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Eſcal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel*:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear; make it your comfort,
So, happy is your brother.

Enter

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana's* ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*,
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a huſband?

Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.

Mari. Oh, my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege——

Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good Lord. Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.

Duke

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my huſband.
Oh! *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects:
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my Lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay;
I have bethought me of another fault.
Proveſt, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord; it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.
I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke.

Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*
Duke. I would, thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. (30)
Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſsly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*
Prov. This, my Lord.
Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head;
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.
Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.

(30) *Go fetch him hither:*——] The introducing *Barnardine* here, is, ſeemingly a matter of no conſequence; as he is no perſon concern'd in the action of the Play, nor directly aiding to the *Dénouement*, as the *French* call it, of the plot: but, to our Poet's praiſe, let me obſerve, that it is not done without double art; it gives a handle for the diſcovery of *Claudio* being alive, and ſo heightens the ſurprize; and, at the ſame time, by the pardon of *Barnardine*, gives a fine opportunity of making the *Duke*'s character more amiable, both for *mercy*, and *virtue*.

By this, Lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[*To* Lucio.
One of all luxury, an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your Highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your Highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my Lord, is preſſing to death, whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandring a prince deſerves it.
She *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*: (31)

I

(31) *Joy to you*, Mariana; *love her*, Angelo:] I cannot help taking notice, with how much judgment *Shakeſpeare* has given turns to this ſtory, from what he found it in *Cinthio Giraldi*'s novel. In the firſt place, the brother, whom our Poet calls Claudio is there actually executed; And the ungrateful Governor ſends his head in a bravado,

I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provoſt*, for thy care and ſecreſy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons itſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace, where we'll ſhew
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.

[*Exeunt.*

bravado, to his ſiſter; after he had debauch'd her, on promiſe of marriage. A circumſtance of too much horror, and villainy, for the ſtage. And in the next place, this ſiſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her diſgrace, marry'd to the Governor, and begs his life of the Emperor, thò' he had ſo unjuſtly been the death of her brother. Both which abſurdities our Poet has avoided by the epiſode of *Mariana*, a creature purely of his own invention. The *Duke*'s remaining *incognito* at home, to ſuperviſe the conduct of his *Deputy*, is alſo entirely our Author's fiction.—This ſtory was attempted for the ſcene by one *George Whetſtone* (before our Author was fourteen years old,) in two *Comical Diſcourſes* (as they are call'd) containing, the right, excellent and famous hiſtory of *Promos* and *Caſſandra*: and printed in the old black letter, in 1578. Neither of theſe diſcourſes, I believe, were ever acted. The author left them with his friends to publiſh; for he, that very year, accompanied Sir *Humphry Gilbert*, Sir *Walter Raleigh*'s brother in his voyage to *Norimbega* in the *Weſt-Indies*. I could prove to demonſtration, that *Shakeſpeare* had perus'd theſe pieces; but whoever has ſeen, and knows what execrable mean ſtuff they are, I am ſure, will acquit him from all ſuſpicion of plagiariſm.

The End of the FIRST Volume.

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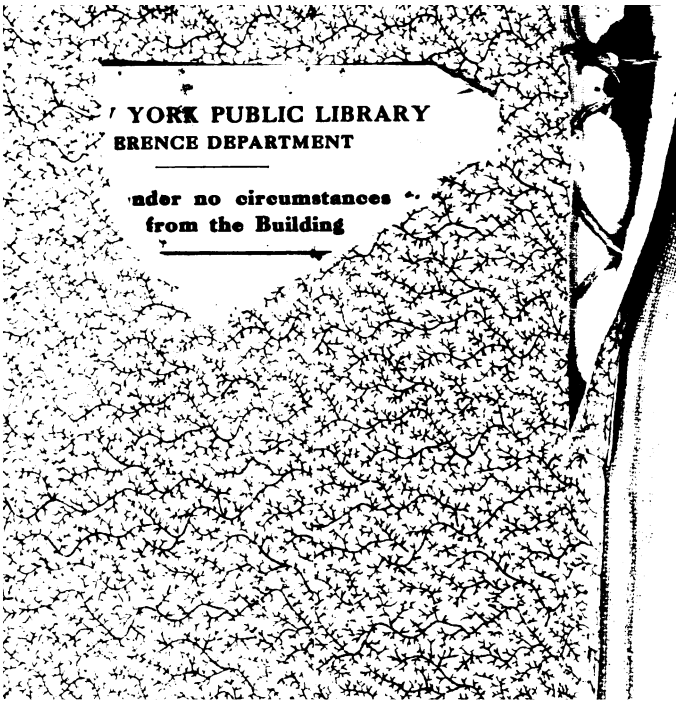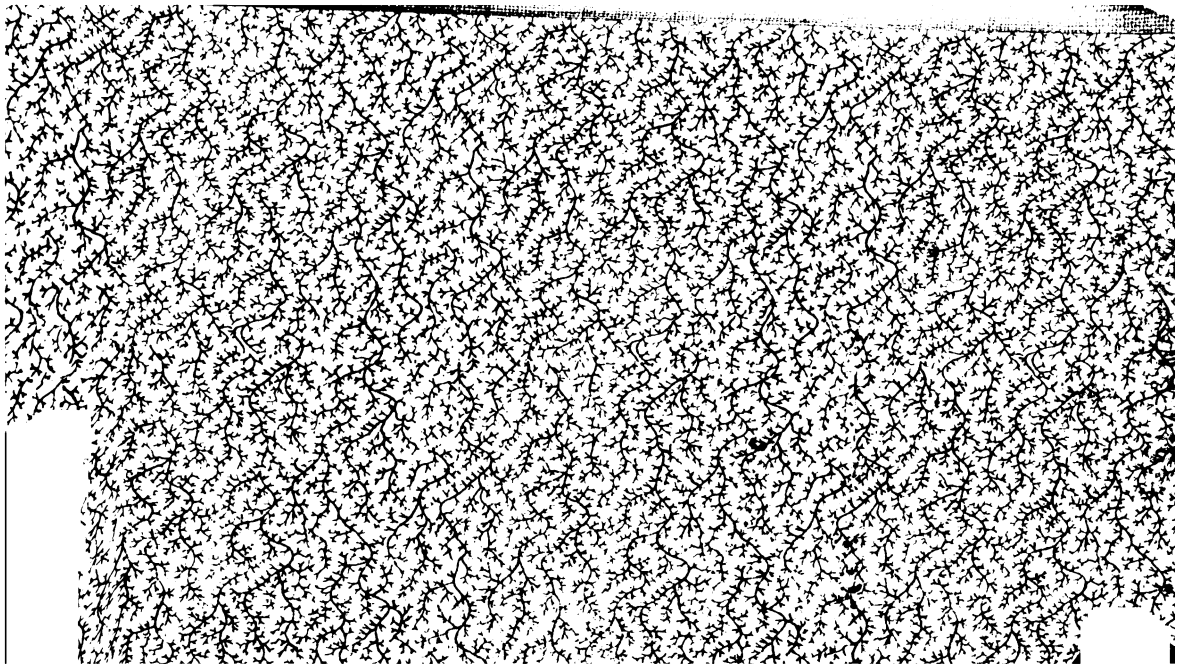
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